

TWENTY CENTS

SEPTEMBER 13, 1954

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Boria Chaliapin

PUBLISHER PATTERSON
On Long Island, big-city ways.

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VOL. LXIV NO. 11



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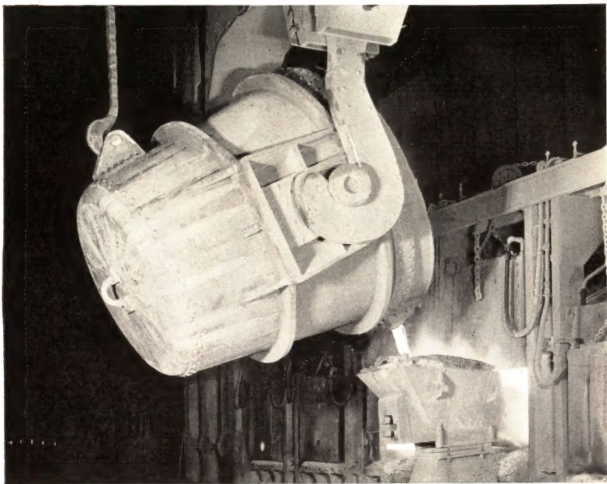
NORTHWEST *Orient* AIRLINES



RESEARCH KEEPS

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



Steel doors drink water to keep from burning up

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich improvement in rubber

INSIDE that steel mill furnace it is 3,000 degrees hot. The furnace wall is protected by thick fire brick, but the door has to be steel. Of course it would melt in minutes, so they make the doors hollow and pour cold water through in a constant flood.

But the door moves up and down, so flexible hose is needed to feed water in and out. Hot metal spatters on the hose. Big "charging machines" bang it. Heat cooks it.

Rubbers stand all that? B. F. Goodrich believed it could, and designed a rubber hose armored with wire for strength,

and protected by asbestos for heat. The B. F. Goodrich hose you see here has already lasted four times as long as hose used before. And it is so much lighter, more flexible than other makes of hose that workmen prefer it, and one man can install it where two were needed for other hose.

Product improvement at B. F. Goodrich goes far beyond ordinary "specifications". That's why specifications don't tell half the story when you're comparing with B. F. Goodrich.

Some B. F. Goodrich improvements are big, spectacular; some are little;

many are too technical to explain easily, but all save you money. Every product gets its share—hose, V belts, every kind of conveyor belt, hundreds of others. None is ever regarded as finished or "standardized". So don't decide any rubber product you use is the best to be had without first seeing your B. F. Goodrich distributor. Find out from him what B. F. Goodrich has done to improve it recently. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Dept. M-295, Akron 18, Ohio.*

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The Unsung Hero of Automotive Progress

by

CHARLES F. KETTERING

In this nation on wheels, I think everyone is well aware of the amazing progress made by the automobile industry in the last quarter-century. You only have to get behind the wheel of one of today's powerful and efficient cars to see how far we've come.

But there is an important fact you may not realize—but one which we in the automobile industry never forget: In all of these years of great progress we've had a vital working partner. I'm talking about the constantly improved gasolines developed by America's oil companies.

To the eye, today's gasoline looks much like the gasoline of the 1920's. But inside—chemically—there has been a world of change, all of it for the better! For the truth is that today's gasoline, by every measure of performance and economy, is 50% better than the gasoline of the twenties. Think what this means to you. Yes, 2 gallons of today's gasoline actually do the work 3 did then.

And equally important in these days of high prices, the price of this superior gasoline is just about the same as it was in 1925—only the taxes are higher.

To the automotive industry, con-

stantly increasing gasoline quality has been all-important, because it has allowed us to build more powerful and more efficient engines just as fast as we were able. The oilmen have never failed us—when we come up with an advanced engine design,

they are ready with the proper fuel to power this engine efficiently and economically.

To me, this proves once again the wonders that come from keen competition in our free enterprise system. You see, the increase in gasoline quality is a direct result of the intensive competition for your business among America's oil companies. Every company knows that the only way to win or keep business is to continually offer you new, improved products at the lowest possible price.

As long as this competition continues, there is no way to predict what tomorrow's gasoline will be like—except that it's sure to be even better. Just as automobile companies are experimenting with dream cars of tomorrow, oilmen are spending millions to develop radically improved fuels to power them. So the next time you get a thrill out of the power of a '54 car, give some credit, too, to the gasoline—the unsung hero of your driving pleasure. And remember—tomorrow it will most likely be even better!



Charles F. Kettering, a director and research consultant of General Motors, has played an important role in America's automotive progress for over 40 years. The inventor of the self-starter, he is also identified with such important automotive developments as tetra-ethyl lead, four wheel brakes and safety glass.

This is one of a series of reports by outstanding Americans who were invited to examine the job being done by the U. S. oil industry. This page is presented for your information by The American Petroleum Institute, 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.

Only STEEL can do so many



To Baffle a Burglar or just to find a fuse when the lights go out, you want your flashlight to be ready for instant action, in any emergency. And steel helps to build such dependability into most flashlights. The flashlight itself is usually steel, and they're making "sealed-in-steel" flashlight batteries, too...with full steel protection top, bottom, and sides, to assure longer life and prevent corrosion of the flashlight.



jobs so well



Bathtub for Apples. You've heard of a lot of interesting ways in which stainless steel is used these days, and here's another: a bathtub made of stainless steel, where apples are carefully washed before being processed into baby foods. Stainless steel is unusually well-suited to jobs like this because of its high corrosion resistance and unique sanitary properties.



How's the Wiring in Your Home? Adequate for today's power needs? Ready to supply "juice" for automatic washers and dryers, TV sets, summer air conditioning units? It's been estimated that each U.S. home uses more than twice as much power today as 10 years ago, that more than $\frac{1}{4}$ of our homes are *under-wired* for today's needs. U.S. Steel manufactures electrical wire and cable of every kind to make your home wiring adequate and safe.



Here's the Newest Thing in vending machines . . . a mechanical marvel that will sell you a carton of fresh cold milk (or of chocolate or orange drink, for that matter) at the drop of a coin. Made of USS Steel, the machine is ideal for use in schools, factories, parks, hospitals and other similar locations.



Top Talent and fine dramatic fare are presented for your enjoyment on TV every other week by U.S. Steel. We invite you to tune in The United States Steel Hour's next program . . . and join us in a full hour of thrilling entertainment provided by such stars as Gary Merrill and Walter Hampden, shown here in a scene from a recent production. See your newspaper for time and station.



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Student



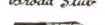
1555 FOR SECRETARIES

Shorthand



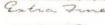
9314B FOR EXECUTIVES

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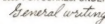
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LETTERS

Judgments & Prophecies

Sir:

In your Aug. 23 issue you devoted a page to "Judgments & Prophecies." It is a fine section and should be continued. With TIME's standoffish style, it is refreshing to read the change-of-pace editorials that make the viewer sharpen up for the rest of the magazine.

Merriam, Kans.

OTIS BRYAN JR.

Sir:

I think Judgments & Prophecies is great—terrific—worth almost the price of the magazine alone . . .

GLENN C. VICKERY

Newark, N.J.

Journey into the Interior

Sir:

Congratulations to TIME Aug. 23 on the wonderful cover story on Secretary McKay. It's about time the sprawling Interior Department was brought to public attention and that its new leader received a pat on the back.

Buhl, Idaho

PHIL SHEA

Sir:

Must you support Doug McKay with such complete single-mindedness? Must you always run down the recent 20-year Democratic Administration? . . . We are trying to save the last true and only rain forest in the U.S., in the lower Hoh and Quinalt River valleys, from the woodsman's ax. (It will be lost if reappropriation of the Olympic National Park is allowed.) . . . Being a

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TIME
September 13, 1954

Volume LXIV
Number 11

TIME, SEPTEMBER 13, 1954



Stetson Imperial Bantam, Fifteen Dollars

Lightness goes to your head with this Stetson

And a wonderful light-headed look goes to her eyes the instant this Stetson Imperial Bantam *lights* on your head. What does the trick? Is it the lightweight luxury of the fine fur felt? The famous Sabre Edge? Or the smartly designed lines—clean and graceful as a sportscar fender?

Actually, it's not any one of these things—but *all* of them blended together by expert designers and craftsmen. Try on the Imperial Bantam, \$15. Feel its lightweight comfort today. Other Stetson Hats \$12.95 to \$100. Also made in Canada. Stetson is part of the man.

The Stetson "Cushioned-to-Fit" leather has been the standard of hat comfort for over 70 years. Stetson Hats are made only by John B. Stetson Company, and its affiliated companies throughout the world.

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 The Softest Leather
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young and never-say-die Democrat, I go along wholeheartedly with Doug McKay's ideas concerning public power [but] there are some lands which should be held by the Government for the benefit of all forever!
 CYRIL E. HART

Seattle, Wash.

Sir:

All honor to *TIME* for the fine . . . article . . . Most of all, you have pictured a real homespun American with the rare quality of good horse sense. It is really refreshing to know we have a man like Secretary McKay in Government service . . . Such a contrast to the goggle-eyed intellectuals we have had to bear with. Sort of gives a body hope again that our country may yet return to the good old private-enterprise system that made America great.

(THE REV.) W. C. DAVIS

Salem Lutheran Church
 Parrottville, Tenn.

Sir:

McKay is credited with having told Alaskans off. Aside from the fact that no one likes to be told that he is not a gentleman, what McKay did was to write off the Republican Party in the Territory in the coming fall elections . . . Stateside, McKay may be a great man, but his treatment of Alaskan statehood and his recent visit here left a great deal to be desired . . .

V. MAURICE SMITH

Fairbanks, Alaska

Sir:

I see that the notions of orderly development of resources and maintenance of national parks as a public heritage were the misbegotten brain children of "long-haired New Dealers." Conservation through use—that's the ticket. By the way, whom do I see to enter a claim on Old Faithful? I've got a nifty idea for a private-enterprise laundry.

WILLIAM B. ROBERTSON

Urbana, Ill.

Sir:

Your entertaining report . . . is vivid and accurate, except for one paragraph. Opposition to Echo Park Dam, which would flood most of Dinosaur National Monument, has been led by all of the national conservation organizations of the nation; the protests have come from millions of people of every state, who see their national park system endangered . . .

Echo Park Dam would ruin the extraordinary canyons in the monument, and it is not necessary in order to provide the desired water and power benefits, since there are alternative methods . . .

FRED M. PACKARD
 Executive Secretary

National Parks Association
 Washington, D.C.

Sir:

Your remarks, "Professional nature lovers like Bernard DeVoto, Richard Neuberger and Wallace Stegner, all of whom wear shoes and live in houses while writing about the great outdoors, etc., etc.," are quite ridiculous. If your Art Editor writes a story about one of Titian's nudes, do you insist that he work in his office naked?

JOERN GERDTS

Salt Lake City, Utah

☞ Photographer Gerdts is invited to visit *TIME*'s offices at any time.—Ed.

Jumping on the Yankee Dollar

Sir:

Re your Aug. 16 notice concerning a parachute jump from a biplane by a Russian parachutist equipped with stopwatches, port-

TIME, SEPTEMBER 13, 1954



"SLEEX" MAKES NEWS WITH ORLON®

Now a softer flannel that needs no alibi!

Much as you like your favorite soft flannels, how often have you wished they didn't have to alibi for not holding their press and shape? If so, look into the dossier of this new kind of flannel. It's a blend of Du Pont "Orlon" and wool, with as luxurious a touch as you could ask for. But read the case for it yourself:

Of 500 men who wore it for a year, some

80% said it kept a better appearance . . . 71% said they didn't *ever* need to have it pressed between dry cleanings. But the real clue is that almost 4 to 1 want "Orlon" in flannels they buy in the future. Case closed!

SLEEX slacks shown above are made with "Orlon" acrylic fiber and wool. See them at leading stores.

Sports car, De Soto's experimental "Adventurer"

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"Orlon" is the Du Pont trademark for its acrylic fiber



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"IT TAKES TWO TO MAKE AN ATTRACTIVE COUPLE"



"Dinner for two is twice as enjoyable when the man and the woman are equally well dressed." So says DEBORAH KERR, lovely star of *END OF THE AFFAIR*

One of the most attractive fabrics a man can wear is flannel. You can "dress it down" or "dress it up." It goes in perfect taste from office to dinner. Timely Clothes *Kingsgate Flannels* offer the extra advantage of Balanced Tailoring. This scientific needlework technique combines lavish hand-tailoring with sturdy machine sewing. It guards the good-looking lines of your suit morning 'til night, seasons on end. The gentleman with Miss Kerr is wearing *Kingsgate Flannel* in one of the new dark, dressier *Lamplight Tones* in a model with easy body lines. See it, moderately priced, at your Timely Clothier. For other tips on dressing, write for free copy of 23-page booklet "How to Choose Clothes to Improve Your Appearance," to Dept. T-41, Timely Clothes, Rochester 2, New York.

Balanced Tailoring* makes **TIMELY**  **CLOTHES** look better longer!

able altimeters, warning buzzers and political tutors, etc. I am not impressed. I am an Air Force parachutist with . . . a large unit, and we jump regularly from all types of aircraft. Leaping . . . with a full fieldpack, a rifle, extra equipment plus a large, 75-lb general-purpose container, makes the stoic little Russian's feat appear rather tame by comparison. But . . . this big tough Russian murmuring "*Eto, Yekfero,*" as he disengaged himself from his warning buzzers and portable political tutors after landing "near the white chalk cross," is what prompted me to write . . . All my friends here in Combat Control would like to extend a formal invitation to the U.S.S.R. parachute-jumping team to a spot jumping contest. We don't think chalk crosses (so many feet wide) are quite sporting; we'd rather a silver dollar, thumbtack or playing card were used for a mark.

A. C. AL HANSEN

Donaldson Air Force Base
Greenville, S.C.

How to Figure

Sir

Will you please accept a warm word of appreciation for the excellent item "Facts & Figures" you carried in your issue of Aug. 9 on the need for adequate Government statistics. . . . Having had a hand in the recent report of the Intensive Review Committee for the Secretary of Commerce, I am pleased to see the increasing recognition by the magazine press of the important role of Government statistics.

RALPH J. WATKINS
Director of Research

Dun & Bradstreet, Inc.
New York City

Making the Grades

Sir

The classic understatement of the year was made by Miss Rinde, the German student at the University of Illinois (*TIME*, Aug. 23). She was probably too polite to elaborate. Her ability to lap up a four-year college course in little more than a year, she states, was because "the general level [of education] is a little more advanced in Germany. Ha! I say it's a great deal more advanced all over Europe. Why? Because European children are not coddled, nor is their precious learning time wasted in hours of drawing, gym, music, crafts, etc."

PAT FISCHER MITTELSTEDT
Corcoran, Calif.

Sir

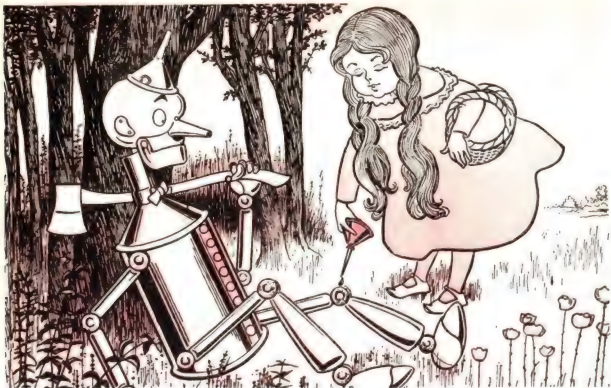
The German secondary school and the American secondary school are based on different educational philosophies. We try to offer secondary education to all, and shove through many stupid and disinterested pupils to graduation, along with the hardworking and talented who benefit from the availability of opportunity to learn.

The German secondary school is not available to all. The majority of kids go to work, not to the secondary school.

ROBERT GREATES, M.D.
Collinsville, Ill.

Sir

One difference between American and German schools which might be a reason for the apparent difference in the scientific level is the Quiz system, which is totally unknown in Germany. The American students write a test asking, for instance, Christopher Columbus has 1) invented gunpowder; 2) discovered America; 3) won the Battle of Trafalgar. In a German school the questions would be: Who discovered America? When did this happen? What was the country's name at that time? Obviously, the students have to



Here's a good "lesson" about ARTHRITIS...

NEARLY everyone knows the story of "The Wizard of Oz" . . . and how Dorothy, the little girl in this tale, met a man made of tin.

As the story goes, the Tin Woodman, after a year of exposure in the forest, could not move because his joints were badly rusted. So, Dorothy oiled his joints. Thereafter, the Tin Woodman was able to journey with Dorothy to see the wonderful Wizard of Oz.

In a way, this fable points up some important facts about the joints of the human body and the disease that often affects them—arthritis. Like the joints of the tin man, the body's joints can also "rust" or become stiff over the years. However, with proper medical care, they can usually be kept flexible and workable in most cases despite arthritis.

The most common type of arthritis . . .

called *osteoarthritis* . . . occurs in middle age and later life, probably because of wear and tear on the joints. While it usually does not lead to severe crippling, it may cause varying degrees of disability. Consequently, recurring aches and pains in and about any joint . . . as well as tenderness and stiffness of the joints . . . should never be dismissed as "a touch of rheumatism."

The second most common form of arthritis occurs most often in younger people. Known as *rheumatoid arthritis*, it is a serious disorder that may involve all the joints. It can also be controlled in many cases when proper treatment is started early.

There is as yet no cure for either osteo or rheumatoid arthritis. Doctors, however, have many effective treatments for relieving pain and restoring joint function. Greater gains against arthritis will undoubtedly be made as new methods of

therapy are perfected.

Meantime, there are some safeguards that all of us can take to lessen the chances of developing arthritis or to control arthritis if it does occur. Among such precautionary measures are—keeping your weight down; maintaining good posture; getting enough rest and sleep and having periodic health and dental examinations.

To control arthritis, see your doctor promptly whenever persistent symptoms occur in any joint, or when you feel "run down." Give him your complete cooperation and always rely on the individualized treatment he prescribes. So-called "sure cures" generally provide only temporary relief.

Today, when proper treatment is continued persistently, at least 70 percent of all arthritis patients are spared serious disability and returned to reasonably good health.

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You get 10 times the filtering area with AC extension filter.



More than 10 sludge-trapping pockets are formed by this fold



Standard or Customized Filters Available on Lincoln, Ford, Oldsmobile, Chevrolet, GMC



Ask any Registered AC Dealer to attach an AC metal tag to your dipstick; then he can tell you at once when oil and oil filter should be changed to give your engine the proper protection.

work harder in Germany, but when it comes to a comparison, they are noticeably ahead. As to Miss Birde, she is certainly far above average in Germany, too.

EGON E. MUEHLNER

Holliman, N.Mex

The French in Africa

Sir,

Your Aug. 23 account of the *ratisage* in Morocco . . . turned my stomach . . . How can we criticize death marches and concentration camps when a nation like France allows such things to take place!

ISABEL BLOOM

Davenport, Iowa

Sir,

Time's story of the killing of 20 Arabs in a *ratisage* will doubtless stir the warm American and justify it still further in its campaign against so-called colonialism. But what have you to put in colonialism's place? Independence—which is a fiction in this H-bomb age? And to achieve this, do you suggest that the teeming European populations which depend on trade with their colonies for their bread commit suicide? You will replace order with chaos. The American's sentiment for the native is indeed hypocritical.

HARRY GREGSON

West Vancouver, B.C.

In the Prairie Doghouse

Sir,

Where did you find the reviewer who covered and reported upon Disney's *The Vanishing Prairie* [Aug. 23]? What kind of illinois or splenic disease does he have?

The premiere of the picture was shown here, on the borders of the prairie where a good portion of the film was taken. The ducks, the prairie chicken, the buffalo, the coyotes and the rattlesnakes, the prairie dogs and badgers and deer—all are near neighbors of ours . . . I suppose there are still people around whose sole brush with outdoor America is an occasional glance at an apartment-house dog on a leash. But by golly, they shouldn't be writing critical accounts of Disney . . . A pox on your Cinema Editor.

C. DEXTER LUPKIN, M.D.

Hot Springs, S.Dak

Sir,

I feel you exercised considerable restraint in reviewing Walt Disney's *The Vanishing Prairie* . . . Why does Disney insist on antagonizing his audience by making wild creatures puppets, mimicking the ways of man—square-dancing, scorpions, ballet-dancing snakes, anvil-pounding rams? Such antics ruin what could be good and original films.

GEORGE PERDICARIS

Edmonton, Alberta

The New Tax Law

Sir,

No doubt you will hear from many of my associates in connection with your Aug. 26 article. Could *Time* have been confused when it stated: "They [the lawmakers] restored the rule prevailing before the early 1920s and exempted life insurance from estate taxes"?

STANLEY S. TROTMAN

New Haven, Conn.

Sir,

The new law restores the previous doctrine that insurance payable to named beneficiaries need not be included in the gross estate if the insured retains no incidents of ownership, and that premium payment is no longer considered an incident of ownership.

R. C. SHORT

Pittsburgh



What's YOUR reason for not buying a **MONEY** Retirement Policy now?

Do you put it off by telling yourself...



*"I'm too young
to think about retirement."*

THE YOUNGER YOU ARE WHEN YOU START, THE LESS MONEY IT COSTS!
Premiums are lower for a younger man - and in the long run you pay out less money for the same advantages.



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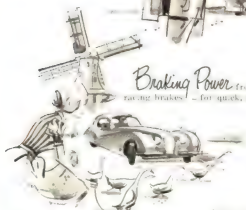


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MISCELLANY

Sauce for the Gander. In Chicago, Vito Piovosi, seeking an injunction to keep wife Helen from molesting him, testified that when he cooked a roast loin of pork for Sunday dinner, she: 1) shouted, "What, no applesauce?" 2) threw roast and platter at him, 3) picked up the platter and broke it over his head, knocking him unconscious, 4) poured hot gravy over him as he lay on the floor, 5) stalked out of the house and never returned.

Baited Breath. In Memphis, although not charged with drunken driving, Motorist Howard O. Wright insisted on a drunkometer test, flunked it, was fined \$51 in addition to the original \$26 for reckless driving.

Seven Up. In Graz, Austria, after swallowing seven live mice to win a 35¢ bet, Farmhand Johann Lugge was arrested, charged with cruelty to animals.

Confidence. In Chicago, accused of stealing \$40 at gun point, Eddie Clark confidently protested, "Your Honor, I'm a confidence man. I tricked him out of the money and I never had a gun," had his charge reduced from armed robbery to petty larceny.

Constitutional. In Lewisburg, Ohio, John F. Luck won a 52-year battle to get his rural mailbox moved 1,056 ft. nearer his home after he proved that he had already walked 6,250 miles to pick up his mail.

Gamy Diet. In Pittsburgh, when police asked John L. Lloyd and Marbon Crumpton to explain what they were up to, Lloyd replied innocently that he had just eaten lunch, then coughed up eight numbers slips.

The American Way. In Passaic, N.J., Mrs. Tamara Gryszak told police she fought with her husband because: "In Poland I worked like a horse. In Germany I worked like a horse. But when we came here I found out husbands are supposed to support their wives. That's what the fight was about."

Carot Topped. In Los Angeles, a notice was posted in police headquarters in City Hall: "18-carat white-gold engagement ring with 12 diamonds to trade for a .38-cal., 2-in. barreled revolver."

Ex Post Facto. In Indianapolis, Isaac ("Tuffy") Mitchell, serving 90 days in the Indiana State Prison for gambling, applied for and was issued a federal gambling stamp for "wagering."

Gumshoe. In Toledo, while investigating a murder, Sheriff's Captain Alfred Bartkowiak excitedly warned other officers to keep away from a "perfect" heel print until a plaster cast could be made, found out next day it was his own.



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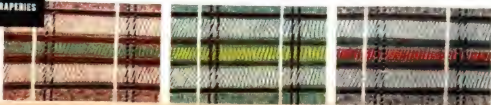


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Table 5. (Cont.)

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

John McLaughlin

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

The first cable from Rio de Janeiro to reach TIME's foreign desk a fortnight ago reported the suicide story of President Getulio Vargas. It ended with a terse footnote: "Impossible reach office now blocked by police investigating killing of boy outside building. Plan file piecemeal updating whenever possible sit down and write."

Thus did Piero Saporiti, former TIME Bureau Chief in Madrid, move into his new post as Bureau Chief in Rio. Following is his fuller explanation of the footnote:

ON the way from Madrid to Rio, I read books on Brazil that praised the country's beauty, relaxed way of life and the gentle character of the peace-loving Brazilians. As I stepped off the M.S. *Augustus* on the morning of Aug. 18, my plans were to take it



Gino Carro

REPORTERS IN BRAZIL'S PRESIDENTIAL PALACE

easy for a week or so to get acquainted with the new climate, people and city. Rio came up to all my hopes and expectations—yet there was a tenseness in the air. Armed troops patrolled the streets, and the press was full of violent polemics and screaming headlines. My plans for a slow approach to the new work were promptly disrupted by the Vargas story. By Monday, Aug. 23, it looked as if things had reached a climax. That night we stayed on the alert until we had news that Vargas had resigned and the crisis was over. I went to bed. Four hours later, I was awakened with the news that the President had shot himself.

Minutes later I met our staffers Jayme Dantas and José Gallo in the TIME office. The city was in turmoil. Crowds of people were roaming aimlessly around, shouting and rioting. Messages from people whose names meant little, and cables from out-of-town stringers, were piling up. I called Free-Lance Photographer Paule Muniz and told him to go out and shoot whatever you can."

Later all hell broke loose in the area between Santos Dumont Airport and the Air Ministry. (Our office building

stands in majestic isolation between the two.) José and Paulo were in the office when machine guns began rattling and bullets started thudding into the walls. Paulo and José rushed out the back door of the building, stumbled over the body of a boy who had just been killed. They saw a police patrol headed for the building and quietly slipped away. It was no time to get mixed up with the police. Minutes later the building was sealed and swamped with investigating policemen.

From then on, my room in the Hotel Excelsior became a TIME field office. Typewriters and a portable radio were hauled out of my unpacked luggage. Extra tables and a telephone were brought into the already littered room. Thus camped in our small room, we typed, phoned, took down messages, captioned pictures strewn on beds, munched sandwiches.

More complications piled up. Ca-

ble companies, in a downtown area blocked off by police, were unable to send messengers to pick up our copy. However, our driver Mario found mysterious ways to get through to the cable offices. The possibility of getting pictures out on time seemed dubious. Pan American operations were disrupted, customs were closed, and the road to the international airport was cordoned off by police. The problem was solved by an obliging New York-bound passenger who agreed to take the pictures out for us.

The pressure kept up until Saturday afternoon, when the last take of copy went out, and I dropped on the bed exhausted but determined to toss those books on peaceful Brazil into the wastebasket the next day.

This week, under somewhat calmer circumstances, Saporiti was back on the job reporting the aftermath of the Vargas story and the new regime of President Café Filho.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

Do You Really Get Maximum Value Buying at a Discount?

THE PREVALENCE of discount house selling and the attendant efforts of many dealers to meet that competition have become a national controversial issue. Some people believe it benefits the consumer. We at Magnavox know that your best interests are served by buying, from a dependable dealer, a product that has price integrity.

Television, the great miracle of science, is of inestimable value to the American home. It has brought greater joy, entertainment and education to most families than anything they have ever bought regardless of price. Yet many people who believe they are shopping for a TV set are primarily shopping for a discount—that's because most brands are sold at a cut price in discount houses and elsewhere.

We all seek the maximum value—no one wants to pay more than the lowest price, but a discount doesn't necessarily enhance the value of a purchase. In television it often misleads the buyer, giving him only short-lived satisfaction. Owners of Magnavox television and radio-phonographs know there is only one price—the lowest price. Magnavox is "Fair-Traded"—the only television brand sold under the legal agreements provided by the McGuire Act which prohibits a dealer from engaging in unfair trade practices. Here is how this benefits you:

Magnavox instruments are sold from our factory directly through

franchised dealers—merchants who were painstakingly chosen for their integrity and ability to serve you. The factory guarantee of this fine product is backed by the dealer's ability and eagerness to give you complete satisfaction.

Marketing surveys show that people consider Magnavox either the best or one of the best brands made, but many also think it is high priced because fine quality is often synonymous with high price. This is not the case with Magnavox.

Magnavox is your best value—regardless of discounts you can obtain on other brands. This is so because of lower distribution costs and greater engineering and manufacturing efficiency. By by-passing the jobbers and the extra margin of selling cost to which such wholesalers are entitled, your cost is substantially less. Magnavox is not a conventional assembler of parts. We manufacture most of the costly components that go into our products... fine cabinetry, right from the log to finished furniture... our loudspeakers, tuners, condensers and transformers... thereby effectively controlling quality and reducing costs. The savings thus effected go into the extra quality you receive when you buy a Magnavox.

Before you consider buying another brand at a discount, we urge you to compare the prices in relation to the quality of the product.

A fair comparison will convince you that a Magnavox is your best buy. You will be surprised to find Magnavox television models as low as \$149.50—with a full transformer powered 20-tube, 41-Mc. IF amplifier chassis. The Magnavox standard of quality is never sacrificed for price.

Magnavox instruments are occasionally sold at factory-authorized reduced prices to clear floor stocks for new models—such reductions are not drastic because the original prices were not inflated to allow for large mark-downs—that's why, too, your old Magnavox has a greater resale value than other brands.

New Magnavox models are now being displayed by Magnavox dealers everywhere. You owe it to yourself to see the greatest advance in television, the new look in beautiful styling; functional features and performance that will delight you. You will agree that no other television has the beauty of appearance, the fidelity of picture and sound. You can buy with confidence knowing that you are getting the best price and the greatest value that will bring you lasting satisfaction. You will enjoy the pride of ownership that comes from having the best.

Because Magnavox is sold only through the selected few dealers in your community, look in your classified telephone book under "TV" or "Radio-Phonographs" for the name of your nearest Magnavox dealer.



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President



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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Close to the Enemy

What has Grand Rapids, Mich. to do with the Far East? Why do these twain keep meeting?

Last week in Grand Rapids, Mrs. Alfred Medendorp heard that her husband, a lieutenant colonel of the U.S. Army, had been killed, along with another U.S. officer, when the Chinese Communists bombarded Quemoy Island, five miles from the Chinese mainland. In 1942 the same woman heard that her first husband had been killed fighting the Japanese on New Guinea. Medendorp was his buddy in the New Guinea campaign. In the deaths of these two friends there was more than coincidence.

Again and again the U.S. had resolutely turned its back upon the other shore of the Pacific. Again and again came a reminding nudge or knock. Quemoy was no Pearl Harbor—not the stuff that touches off wars. But it was, perhaps, part of the stuff of which wars are made. It is an island held by the Nationalist Chinese—Chiang Kai-shek's Chinese—and the U.S. had every right to send Medendorp there as part of a military mission advising and aiding Chiang in what he sees clearly—and the U.S. sees unclearly—as a struggle for Asia and for the world.

This struggle has been marked by armistices, truces, cease-fires. When the firing officially ceases, the Reds advance—usually firing. At present there is peace in the Far East. Medendorp was not (officially) killed in action. Nor was a U.S. plane shot down last week by an (official) enemy. Nonetheless, a U.S. plane was shot down by Russian fighters in the Japan Sea, 40 miles (by U.S. count) outside Soviet territorial waters. The U.S. State Department sent Moscow a note calling the attack "wanton and unprovoked." Republican Senate Leader William Knowland said that the U.S. should break off diplomatic relations with the U.S.S.R. because of the plane incident.

At Manila Secretary of State Dulles was assuring Filipinos that the U.S. would come to their defense if the Reds attacked them, a proposition that had scarcely been in doubt. What is more dubious and more important is whether the U.S. has a forward policy in the Far East. Was Medendorp simply waiting for an enemy attack? Is that what Chiang Kai-shek is supposed to be doing? Or are U.S. servicemen and U.S. allies waiting for the U.S. to make



CHIANG ON FORMOSA
In Grand Rapids, more than coincidence.

up its mind about what it will do in Asia?

Last week, commenting on the Red bombardment of Quemoy, Assistant Defense Secretary Fred Seaton said: "We are alert to our responsibilities in the area, and certain of our units [from the Seventh Fleet] are at sea."

This did not mean that the U.S. was close to World War III, but it did mean that it was very close to the enemy in the Far East. In the end, the U.S. would not permit an enemy to control those coasts. A woman in Grand Rapids had lost two husbands in proof of that proposition.

THE PRESIDENCY

5,294-Mile Work Week

From time to time, President Eisenhower can put away his Washington Homberg in favor of a golf cap and a fishing Stetson. But such interludes are necessarily brief. Although technically on vacation, Ike last week traveled more than 5,294 miles and performed nearly every important function of his high office.

Deathwatch. As Commander in Chief, he flew back to Washington from his Denver vacation headquarters to address the 36th annual convention of the American Legion. Ike told the Legionnaires that establishment of an adequate reserve

system would be a keystone of his program next year. Said he: "Wishful thinking and political timidity must no longer bar a program so absolutely essential to our defense."

After the speech, Ike met with John Foster Dulles, who was keeping a deathwatch on EDC. While the two men talked, word came that the French National Assembly had killed the treaty. Ike promptly decided to turn an innocuous speech prepared for the Iowa State Fair into a presidential assessment of the crisis. That afternoon he picked up his brother Milton and ex-President Herbert Hoover and with them flew to Des Moines.

Paid in Full. Some 22,000 persons were waiting in the fairgrounds' grandstand to hear Ike speak. Later in the evening the stage was to be turned over to a theatrical review, including a feature act, "Bessie and Her Bustle." Now, a National Guard band struggled with *Hail to the Chief* as the President and Hoover appeared incongruously through a pink-and-white archway designed for a chorus line. For days before Ike's arrival, Iowa Democrats had been loudly complaining that a decision to admit the public to the fairgrounds free of charge on the day of Ike's speech was turning the fair into a G.O.P. rally. Ike had his little joke. Waving a

dollar bill, he said: "Now, on behalf of the former President of the U.S. and myself, I hereby tender to Governor [William] Beardsley one dollar and hope that he will pass it on to the proper authorities." The crowd roared with laughter and approval, but Beardsley reacted like a housewife when the important guest offers to help wash the dinner dishes. He stood up, blushed, grinned, tried to keep from taking the money, followed Ike to the speakers' rostrum before giving up.

In the evening dusk outside the grandstand, a Ferris wheel began to turn, and the yelps of kids on the midway could be heard faintly. In such an atmosphere gloom would have seemed unreal. The President was not gloomy; but he was realistic. The defeat of EDC, he said, was a serious setback. But he added: "The free world is still overwhelmingly strong . . . We are disappointed, but we must not be discouraged . . . We need not despair. We must not." The crowd caught Ike's spirit and cheered long and loud.

Nothing Sacred. That night Ike and party flew to Denver; next morning they motored across the continental divide for two days of trout fishing at a ranch owned by two Denver friends. Mortgage Banker Aksel Nielsen and Manufacturer Carl Norgren, near little (pop. 300) Fraser, Colo. Most of the town was waiting in Fraser's dusty main street to see Ike and

Hoover. As Ike stepped out of his car, a man grabbed his hand and said: "Hi, Ike. I'm Curtis Brewer from Ahilene." "Well, for goodness sake," said Ike, "how are you, and how's your brother?"

At the ranch a mile down the road, Ike barely had his coat off before he was in the kitchen starting on his big project: a two-day vegetable soup. Hoover, an accomplished fly-fisherman who does not share Ike's love of cooking, spent more time wading in shallow St. Louis Creek. Next day reporters were allowed on the ranch to watch the President sign the social security bill and invited to stick around and watch him broil a dozen thick steaks on an outdoor grill. Hoover ambled up to the grill. As usual, he was grimly hanging onto his snap-brim hat. Ike invited Hoover to help with the steaks. Hoover seemed reluctant but finally complied when Ike gave him a long-handled fork and suggested: "Here, turn that fella over."

Some reporters complained that they were not getting enough personal details about Ike's vacation. Said Hoover: "Thirty years ago we used to believe that there were only two occasions in which the American people have regard for the privacy of the President—in prayer and fishing . . . The press no longer has any respect for the privacy of the President in his fishing. That's one of the degenerations of the last 30 years." Asked a re-

porter: "Are you blaming this degeneration on the Democrats?" Hoover answered: "I'm not doing any politicking at the moment." When the fishing trip was over, Ike went back to Denver and Hoover flew to New York, where he gave a nice definition of a fishing trip. When asked how many fish he had caught, Hoover said: "You don't go on a fishing trip to catch fish. You go for the company and to get away and to see the scenery."

Last week President Eisenhower took off on another trip; his purpose was neither fish nor scenery. He inspected reclamation projects in Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming and Nebraska. He stopped in each state except Kansas to extend friendly greetings to G.O.P. congressional candidates, plugged away in favor of more local control of water power and irrigation projects.

Sharing the Atom

Less than nine months ago, President Eisenhower stood before the U.N. General Assembly and made his historic proposal to pool atomic energy for peacetime uses. When the Soviet Union quietly sabotaged East-West negotiations on the plan, the U.S. turned to more limited discussions with a select group of nations. This week the President revealed for the first time the result of those discussions. In a brief television speech, he announced that the U.S. had negotiated agreement on an international agency to pool both atomic knowledge and materials and to turn them to peaceful use.

The occasion of Ike's remarks was a ground-breaking ceremony at Shippingport, Pa. for the world's first full-scale commercial atomic power plant. Speaking from Denver, Ike said the plant would bring mankind "closer to the fulfillment of the ancient dream of a new and better earth."

He added: "But we do not stop with this plan, nor, indeed with our own country's hopes and dreams . . . We have just agreed with a number of other nations to go ahead with the formation of an international agency which will foster the growth and spread of this new atomic technology for peaceful use. Atomic materials for projects sponsored by this agency will be set aside for that purpose. We hope that no nation will long stand aloof from the work of this agency."

The President furnished a few details. Said he: "As these arrangements are being made we will set up a reactor school to help train representatives of friendly nations in skills needed for their own atomic program. Discussions will shortly take place on cooperation with countries planning to build their own research reactors." The U.S. was, he said, about to negotiate with Belgium on the building of an atomic tower reactor in that country; this week detailed negotiations will begin with Canada, and negotiations with other nations will swiftly follow.

The President did not name the other nations included in the agreement, but they were Great Britain, France, Australia and South Africa.



PRESIDENT & EX-PRESIDENT BROILING STEAKS
They didn't go fishing to catch fish.

International

SOUTH CAROLINA

Beneath the Magnolias

All the members of the U.S. Senate refer to one another as gentlemen. But, what with the industrial revolution, the westerling course of empire and the 17th Amendment to the Constitution, the Senate has seen the virtual extinction of gentlemen in the 19th-century sense of the word. Most of the Senate's gentlemen (and there are some distinguished ones) were made, not born. One of the last Senators to be born an esquire, Burnet Rhett Maybank, 55, died last week of a heart attack.

Although he was a New Dealer, Maybank's eyes were lightly cysed with the Southern—and more precisely, the South Carolina—point of view, e.g., he fought for public housing for years, then early this year tried to kill the whole program when he realized that Negroes might be admitted to developments where whites would live. Insofar as he was a liberal—and he was—he had little or nothing in common with such liberals as Hubert Humphrey or Herbert Lehman. Insofar as he was a conservative—and he was—he had little or nothing in common with such conservatives as Joe Grundy or John Bricker.

Tradition Upheld. Burnet Maybank could be understood only as a Southern aristocrat. Few of the breed survived politically the triple ordeals of Civil War, Reconstruction and the post-Reconstruction revolt of the South's small farmers and small townsmen—those variously described as the wool-hats, the plain people the Snopeses; the hillbillies or the pine hill men. Unlike them, Maybank trusted government because he was born to it. Unlike them, he distrusted big government because he wanted nothing from it for himself or his group—other than participation in responsibility and power.

For longer than many members of Britain's House of Lords can trace gentle ancestry, Maybank's forebears upheld in tide-water South Carolina the aristocratic tradition, serving the Crown, the Continental Congress, the Union, the Confederacy and, above all, South Carolina—as a colony, as a state and as an idea. Five of his ancestors were colonial or state governors, and Maybank himself was elected governor in 1935.

There have been Maybanks in South Carolina since 1670. Both Burnet and Rhett are maternal family names famous in ante-bellum days. One ancestor, William Rhett, served as Vice Admiral of the colony, cleared the Carolina coast of pirates and hanged Gentleman Freebooter Stede Bonnet at Charleston in 1719. Another ancestor was the Landgrave Thomas Smith, who took his title from the Fundamental Constitutions of Carolina, which Philosopher John Locke wrote when he was secretary to the lords proprietors. Still another ancestor was fiery U.S. Senator R. Barnwell Rhett, "the father of secession," who refused, out of respect for his religion and his marksmanship, to fight duels; no one suspected Barnwell



(© Arnold Newman)

BURNET RHETT MAYBANK*
A Cadillac pulled out of his cortege.

Rhett of cowardice when he said he was averse to killing a fellow man.

Tradition Shattered. Most of Burnet Maybank's ancestors were low-country planters. Senator Maybank's father was a Charleston physician, and Maybank grew up in a stately colonial house in Charleston. After World War I, Maybank became a cotton exporter, then a Charleston alderman and mayor. He shattered the modern tradition that low-country aristocrats could not win the votes of up-country farmers; in 27 years of politics he never lost an election, was elected to the Senate three times, and was unopposed for reelection this year.

Maybank was not the last of the Southern aristocrats in the Senate. Virginia's Harry Byrd is still very much alive. And as Burnet Rhett Maybank was buried in Charleston's Magnolia Cemetery last week, South Carolinians could remember how deep the stream of family runs in the low country. At the graveside was Burnet Rhett Maybank Jr., 30, a rising young member of the state legislature.

Senator Maybank's death threw South Carolina Democrats into turmoil. Governor James Byrnes wanted a special primary called. But old (66) State Senator Edgar A. Brown, the most powerful man in party circles—and a pine hill man—had other ideas. On the way to Magnolia Cemetery Brown's Cadillac turned out of the funeral cortege, and he hurried to Columbia, where, at an emergency meeting that day, the state Democratic executive committee, on Brown's insistence, decided against the primary plan.

Then it handed the party's nomination to Brown.

Ordinarily, the nomination Brown received last week would mean election in one-party South Carolina. But there were hints that Byrnes, who fought Brown in 1952 by coming out for President Eisenhower while Brown stayed loyal to the Democratic ticket, was spoiling for a rematch. Byrnes may take the issue to the voters, ask them to elect former Dixiecrat J. Strom Thurmond as a write-in candidate.

In short, beneath the magnolias this week were things undreamed of in John Locke's philosophy, unprojected in Landgrave Smith's gentility. Much had come, as well as gone, with the wind.

THE LAW

The Limits of Immunity

Adultery being a crime in California, handreader Muzzy Marcellino was well within his constitutional rights when, in a Hollywood divorce court last week, he invoked the Fifth Amendment, refusing to say whether he had been intimate with an actress. This was a classic use of the Fifth Amendment; no unpleasant consequences followed for the handreader.

But in a Florida court last week there was a different Fifth Amendment situation. Leo Sheiner, a Miami attorney and World War II chief counsel for OPA's milk, cream and ice-cream section, invoking the Fifth Amendment, refused to say whether or not he was a Communist. From Sheiner's refusal Circuit Judge Vincent

* In Charleston's city-council chamber room (left).

Giblin drew conclusions that might help to clarify a lot of public confusion about what the Fifth Amendment is and is not supposed to do. Ordering Sheiner's immediate disharment, Judge Giblin said:

"It is inconceivable to the court that an American lawyer, under obligation to support and protect the Constitution of the United States, when his loyalty to that Constitution and to the Republic is justly questioned, will invoke as a shield the Fifth Amendment or any other amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

"I concede his right, as it is the right of any witness, to refuse to testify under oath in response to a question when his answer may tend to incriminate him. He

INVESTIGATIONS

New Kind of Hearing for Joe

Above the humdrum buzz of the U.S. Senate caucus room, where a special committee met last week to consider censure action against Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, rose a throaty monotone in a familiar refrain: "Just a minute, Mr. Chairman, just one minute."

For two hours previously, Joe McCarthy had managed an outwardly serene silence, broken only by his prepared statement of self-congratulation for being against Communism ("Not material and relevant to the issues in this hearing," said Chairman Arthur Watkins). But now Joe was determined to advance his views

youthful (34) Edward Bennett Williams, that the status of Senator Johnson, who had been named to the committee by the full Senate, was not subject to committee review. And Big Ed Johnson, one of the coolest customers in the Senate, had explained that, even as quoted, he had not said that he personally loathed McCarthy. Said Johnson: "In response to a telephone call from Denver, I agreed that some of my Democratic colleagues did not like Senator McCarthy." But McCarthy was far from satisfied with the Watkins ruling and the Johnson explanation. Trying to find out if Johnson had been accurately quoted, McCarthy cried: "Mr. Chairman, I should be entitled to know whether or not—" Arthur Watkins banished down his gavel and snapped: "The Senator is out of order." Concluded McCarthy: "—whether it is true or false." Again, down went the gavel. Said Watkins: "We are not going to be interrupted by these diversions and sidelines. We are going straight down the line."

Thereupon Watkins recessed the hearings and left McCarthy high and dry. Gaped Joe, in the week's best gasp: "This is the most unheard-of thing I ever heard of." Soothed Lawyer Williams: "Now, don't get excited."

It was clear from the first day that the circus of the Army-McCarthy hearings would not be resumed by the Watkins committee. The ban on TV reduced the temptation to digression and disorder. Watkins had made it impossible for McCarthy to grab a microphone and run away with the hearings: the sound system was so installed that only two mikes could be turned on at a time—and then only on signal from the committee chairman.

Hardly Disputable. While McCarthy sat almost silent, Committee Counsel E. Wallace Chadwick, in a dogged, dry-as-dust voice, read portions of the McCarthy story into the committee record. Items:

¶ To document the charge that McCarthy was in contempt of the Gillette-Hennings subcommittee, which investigated him in 1951-52, Chadwick read the extensive correspondence to and from Joe. Time after time, the subcommittee invited McCarthy to appear before it: time after time, Joe refused, accusing the subcommittee of such things as "picking the pockets of the taxpayers and turning the loot over to the Democratic National Committee." Lawyer Williams argued that, even if the charge were true, it does not now constitute grounds for censuring McCarthy. Said Chairman Watkins: "We do not agree with you. And that is obvious, or we would not have the charges before us at this time."

¶ The only witnesses called last week



SENATORS WATKINS & JOHNSON
Straight down the line with surprising speed.

has that constitutional right. But he does not have the constitutional right to practice law, and the American legal profession demands and should demand that no lawyer invoke the Fifth Amendment in refusing to discuss frankly and openly his activities so that we judges and lawyers of the profession may determine whether or not he is loyal to the Constitution of the United States.

"Suppose that I should be called before a court or a grand jury, and on the witness stand should refuse to answer the question of whether or not I am a Communist. How long do you think the people of this community would tolerate my being a judge? Suppose President Eisenhower should refuse to answer whether or not he is a Communist. How long do you think it would be before the American people would demand his impeachment before the Congress?"

as to the committee membership of Colorado Democrat Edwin C. Johnson, who—McCarthy had learned through a clipping sent him by a Denver elevator operator—told the *Denver Post* last March: "In my opinion, there is not a man among the Democratic leaders of Congress who does not loathe Joe McCarthy."

High & Dry. Chairman Watkins already had informed McCarthy's lawyer,

¶ Among others seen in print last week on the subject of McCarthy's social standing: Eleanor Roosevelt. Asked if it were true that she had said she would shake hands with Russia's Andrei Vishinsky but not with McCarthy, Mrs. Roosevelt replied: "As far as I can recall, I have never refused to shake hands with anyone. I have shaken hands with Senator McCarthy a number of times and certainly would do so again. I have shaken hands with Mr. Vishinsky on a number of occasions, and I would certainly do so again."

¶ Another aspect of Johnson's views on McCarthy was contained in a news letter last year to his Colorado constituents. Wrote Johnson: "Senator McCarthy with all his many and obvious faults has put the finger on many subversives in and out of the State Department. Sometimes a mean guy renders a good service."

were newsmen, to testify to the charge that McCarthy had ridiculed and abused fellow Senators, e.g., by describing Vermont's Senator Ralph Flanders as "senile" and New Jersey's Republican Senator Robert Hendrickson as "a living miracle in that he is without question the only man in the world who has lived so long with neither brains nor guts." Williams' cross-examination of the newsmen was brief.

¶ Chadwick read the entire transcript of the hearing in which McCarthy called Brigadier General Ralph Zwicker unfit to wear the U.S. uniform. Then Chadwick put into the record the impressive list of General Zwicker's medals and citations. Williams said nothing.

¶ Chadwick and an aide methodically read excerpts from the Army-McCarthy hearings as evidence that McCarthy had urged Government employees to violate the law by turning over to him classified documents, and that he had, in fact, on at least one occasion, received and made use of such information (in the 24 page summary Joe tried to pass off as a letter from J. Edgar Hoover). Williams contented himself with checking the accuracy of the reading.

With surprising speed, the Watkins group completed in 24 days its introduction of the main body of evidence. The facts themselves were hardly disputable, most of them being from official records. The committee's main business is to decide whether to advise the Senate that this record adds up to conduct by McCarthy that the Senate should publicly censure. Thus the committee's business was not so much hearing as thinking. Last week the Watkins committee gave an impression of men thinking, quietly and hard.

SEQUELS

Sunup

Abraham Chasanow, an \$8,360-a-year employee of the Navy Hydrographic Office just outside Washington, had lived under the shadow of a doubt ever since July 29, 1953, when he was suspended from his job. One security board refused to believe the charge that he was a Communist sympathizer. A higher board reversed the ruling and ordered him fired. When the Chasanow case broke into print (TIME, May 10), Assistant Secretary of the Navy James H. Smith Jr. ordered the case reopened.

Last week Smith called a press conference and made a handsome apology to Chasanow, restoring him to duty with back pay. A Navy statement said: "The pattern of Mr. Chasanow's life portrays an above-average loyal American citizen." The Navy, Smith said, had been a "little naive" in swallowing everything that poison-tongue informants had said about Chasanow, who had made enemies (as well as scores of friends) in the intense local politics of Greenbelt, Md., where he lives. Said Chasanow: "It seems like I woke up from a bad dream. The sun is shining. The birds are singing. The flowers are blooming."

MAN WITH A HARD GAVEL

THE U.S. public has noted several styles in Senate committee chairmen, from the forceful intelligence with which Georgia's Richard Russell conducted the MacArthur hearings to the good-natured humbling of Karl Mundt at the Army-McCarthy hearings. Last week came a chairman with a different style. Utah's Republican Senator Arthur Vivian Watkins, 67, began presiding over the special Senate committee on whether to recommend censure of Senator Joe McCarthy. He was quiet, polite, clearheaded—and very stubborn when pushed.



GRANDFATHER WATKINS

No one who knew Arthur Watkins' career in Washington was surprised at those qualities. But few knew his career. He first ran for Senator in 1946, accepting the nomination as a party duty when few thought he had a chance to

beat the incumbent, Abe Murdock, a New Deal Democrat. Watkins won by 4,885 votes. He served a quiet but hard-working term, during which he was mainly noted as an admirer of Robert Taft and a foe of executive encroachment on the legislative branch. In 1952 he was re-elected (after not taking up a McCarthy offer to campaign for him in Utah).

Party leaders looking for a Senator with judicial experience, forced the job of committee chairman on the reluctant Watkins by telling him that it was his duty to take it. No other argument would have moved him: he is that kind of man, reared in a strict Mormon tradition of service to his community.

CHILDREN & SHEEP.

HIS grandfather, John Watkins, a bricklayer, converted to Mormonism in Great Britain, walked into Utah in 1856 with a handcart full of belongings, a wife and two children. There he acquired two more wives, sired 30 more children (his descendants number about 750). Arthur Watkins, the Senator's father, was John's fifth child by his second wife; the Senator was the first of Arthur's nine children. He grew to be a mild, bookish boy who read whatever he could find in print, including the old newspapers that papered the walls of the Watkins home.

After becoming a basketball star at Brigham Young University, he dropped out to make some money teaching the fourth and fifth grades in the Maeser (pop. 600), Utah elementary school. When he was told that his salary would be only \$40 a month, Watkins asked how much sheepherders were paid. One of the school trustees, a sheep rancher, replied that the herders were paid \$60 a month,

because they were responsible for valuable property. Retorted Watkins: "I won't work for less than the sheepherders; children are a lot more valuable than sheep." He was paid \$60 a month.

In 1907, Watkins went to New York City as a missionary, distributed pamphlets from one slammed door to another, conducted hundreds of sidewalk rallies on Fifth Avenue. He stayed on to graduate from Columbia University Law School in 1912, and to win Andrea Rich, a granddaughter of onetime Mormon Apostle Charles C. Rich (who had six wives and 51 children). Married in 1913, Andrea and Arthur have one son, four daughters.

ULCERS & POLITICS.

WATKINS began his legal career in Vernal (pop. 3,000), Utah, where he also edited a weekly newspaper. When he was 33, he was forced to return to the farm for six years because of stomach ulcers. The ailment left effects that have plagued him ever since. During the first attack his hair turned snow-white. Says he: "I've been an old man since I was 35."

A good Mormon, Watkins abhors smoking, does not drink liquor, coffee or tea, often stops to pray before a big debate on the Senate floor. As president of the Sharon (Utah) Stake of the Mormon Church from 1929 to 1946, he took a lead in sponsoring a number of cooperative ventures, e.g., group medical care plans, a phase of his career that later caused consternation among some of his Republican friends.

The product of a staunchly Republican family, Watkins showed his first interest in politics as a follower of Theodore Roosevelt's Bull Moose Party. For four years (1928-33) he served as a district judge. In Washington, as a member of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, he has had firsthand experience at investigation of Communist infiltration. His family and friends remember only one Watkins statement about McCarthy: "The people of Wisconsin must like him; they elected him."

Thin of face, frame, voice and manner, Watkins is cautious, precise and meticulous. Despite his quiet manner, he has a stubborn quality, has refused to be blown down by such formidable wind channels as Texas' former Democratic Senator Tom Connally and Illinois' Republican Senator Everett Dirksen. Last week in Utah, the Senator's father was asked if he thought Joe McCarthy could bulldoze his son. Replied old (89) Arthur Watkins: "Nobody ever has."



ANDREA RICH (1908)

THE CAMPAIGN

The Caucaus and the Congress

"Caucus" was an Algonquian word meaning "elder" or "councilor." The Americans borrowed it and made it "caucus," meaning a party war council on the eve of battle. Last week, at Cincinnati, 125 Republican *caucaus* caucused on the eve of battle. They called their meeting a "workshop," a term borrowed from universities, which had (quite unimaginatively) borrowed it from workshops. The chief Republican *caucaus* at Cincinnati was Vice President Richard Nixon. "I do not come to you terribly optimistic or terribly pessimistic," said the Vice President to the Republican braves. "I think that this election is extremely close. We Republicans are behind in the House; it is extremely close in the Senate. The swing is against the party in power."

Back Ike! After warning that Republicans should "run scared," Nixon had some other strategy tips. When an opponent criticizes Dwight Eisenhower's golf playing, there is a ready answer: "If the President spent as much time playing golf as Truman spent playing poker, the President could beat Ben Hogan." Stay out of debates, but if they are unavoidable, there are some handy techniques. "If he asks you where you stand on Dulles, ask him where he stands on Acheson. If he asks you how you stand on the McCarthy issue, make him say where he stands on Mitchell and Bobby Jones, on Roosevelt and Condon. I personally can't see much to choose between the hellows of McCarthy and the bleats of Mr. Mitchell. He is using the McCarthy technique."

The Vice President continued to plead for party unity by calling the kettle a pot. There is disunity in the Republican Party. He acknowledged that some Republicans think Idaho's Senator Henry Dworshak is too conservative. "But what are you going to do? Elect that cowboy (former Democratic Senator Glen Taylor) instead?" He granted that other Republicans believe that New Jersey's Senate Nominee Clifford Case is too liberal. "But we've got to get 48 votes in the Senate. Let's get that into our heads."

Along with these warnings and knucklerappings, Nixon had some words of hope: "There is no reason why 1954 cannot be a repetition of 1934* because our Democratic friends have no great issue. We have . . . to create an issue." Before the Republicans went home they agreed on the issue that they would create: "The Eisenhower Administration must have a Republican Congress to complete the Republican program of peace, progress and prosperity now well under way."

Hit Ike? On the other side of the fence, the Democratic National Committee was preparing for the formal opening of its campaign with appropriate war dances at



Bob Stigers—Cincinnati Post
STRATEGIST NIXON
He called the kettle a pot.

Indianapolis on Sept. 16. Warning up, Tennessee's Democratic Senator Albert Gore made a nationally broadcast answer to President Eisenhower's report on the 83rd Congress. Gore charged the Administration with "weakness, timidity and vacillation" on important issues, e.g., world trade. In Chicago Adlai Stevenson told the A.F.L. electrical workers' convention that "this has been a year of futility—or worse—in meeting . . . the problem of labor-management relationship."

Behind their closed doors, the Democrats had a disunity problem of their own. Stevenson & Co. wanted to pitch the campaign on an anti-Eisenhower theme. But many of the politicians who will be stumping the congressional districts are firmly against that policy. They are convinced that Ike is still overwhelmingly popular with the U.S. voter. Said one Democratic pro: "We ought to pretend that 1952 never happened, that there is no such thing as Eisenhower."

VETERANS

One-Half of a Nation

The American Legion last week elected a new national commander: Seaborn P. Collins Jr., 42, a wartime transport pilot who runs a realty business in Las Cruces, N.Mex. He succeeded Arthur J. Connell of Middletown, Conn., who led the Legion's "Back-to-God" movement and who, Legionnaires said, may be the last national commander dating from World War I. The not-so-new veterans of World War II are taking over the Legion. At last week's convention they were determined to fight off criticism that veterans' benefits had gone too far.

The U.S. now has almost 21 million veterans—more than 15 million from World War II, 3,000,000 from World

War I, 2,000,000 from Korea and 143,000 others. With their families, they come to nearly half the nation's population. They can collect benefits from mustering out (\$300) to taps—the Government provides \$50 for burial, plus flag and headstone. (If he so desires, a veteran can even bury his family in national cemeteries without charge.) Other items:

¶ The Veterans Administration has paid \$34 million on specially built homes for 3,500 paraplegics and \$65 million on specially equipped cars for disabled vets.

¶ So far, 7,800,000 vets have taken free schooling. Cost to the Government: \$18.7 billion. A Korean-war vet with dependents gets \$160 a month while studying.

¶ Some 622,000 vets have taken job training. Cost: \$1.5 billion.

¶ Vets have benefited from Government guarantees on \$24 billion of home, farm or business loans (and defaulted on only \$27 million worth).

¶ Veterans' insurance includes 7,300,000 low-premium policies.

¶ Half the 2,000,000 federal employees now have veterans' preference. They get extra points at civil-service exams. are the first hired and last fired.

In Sickness & Age. By far the biggest vet programs are for health and pensions. The VA operates 170 hospitals with 117,000 beds, 4,160 doctors, 904 dentists and 13,799 nurses. Bill for the postwar hospital-building program: \$750 million. Hospital and medical care cost \$4 billion since 1947 and now runs \$600 million a year. The American Medical Association, wary of "socialized medicine," criticizes the free care given those vets with no service-connected ailment or injury. According to the General Accounting Office, the service-connected cases cared for by the VA are outnumbered after two to one by vets ill or injured after discharge.

Each year the VA pays \$2.5 billion in pensions to 3,800,000 veterans or their surviving dependents, including one Civil War survivor, ten dependents of Mexican War veterans and 226 durable veterans of the Indian wars. The War of 1812's last pensioner (Mrs. Esther Morgan of Independence, Ore., whose veteran father died in 1905) dropped off the VA's rolls in 1946. With equal longevity, the last Korean-war pensioner would be paid off in 2087 A.D. Disability payments can run up to \$400 or more a month, but most of them are much smaller. Pressure is building up in the Legion for flat \$700 monthly pensions to all veterans at 60.

The Cost of War. Veterans' payments double the price of war. Benefits for the Spanish-American War have cost six times as much as the war itself. World War I veterans (average age: 60) have already received as much as the war's actual cost, and the payments for World War II are mounting fast. From 1776 to 1946 the U.S. expended \$30 billion for benefits. Since 1946, veterans have collected \$44 billion. This year veterans' benefits are costing \$4 billion.

* The first congressional election after Franklin D. Roosevelt became President, and the only off-year election in this century that gave the party in power a net gain in House seats.

JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES

THE SECOND U.S. FOREIGN POLICY FAILURE OF 1954

WALTER LIPPMANN gets mad;

FOR the second time this year we have stood immovably with a policy, and have had to watch it fail. In the spring it was the Navarre Plan for the military recovery of Indo-China and now it is the European Defense Community. In both cases there were warnings that at the best the prospects of success were slim, and that no time should be lost in preparing an alternative to fall back upon. Both times the Administration not only refused to heed the warnings but refused to consider, even hypothetically, what to do if the Navarre Plan or EDC proved unworkable. And so, having lashed ourselves to the mast, we have gone down twice with a sinking ship.

SOUTHEAST ASIA NEEDS A STRONG MILITARY ALLIANCE

GENERAL CARLOS ROMULO, longtime spokesman for the Philippines in the U.S. and former president of the U.N. General Assembly, in the *Scripps-Howard press*:

TO markedly different views seem evident [at Manila]. The Philippines, Thailand, Australia and, somewhat more mildly, New Zealand, have shown a preference for a strong security organization based on a NATO-like defensive military alliance. The United Kingdom and France, with tacit if reluctant U.S. consent, prefer a loose treaty of mutual defense subject to the constitutional processes of each participating state. The U.S. is caught between the two contradictory positions held on the one hand by its best friends in Southeast Asia and the western Pacific, and on the other by two of its outstanding allies in Europe.

If nothing comes out of Manila except a watered-down version of existing mutual defense treaties between Australia and the U.S., and between the Philippines and the U.S., then it might have been better to have attempted no further diplomatic moves. To indulge in too much sound and fury which signifies nothing to the Communists would only be to arouse their mockery and contempt. We need to do three things in Southeast Asia:

- 1) We must reassure the native peoples that we are determined to preserve peace with freedom in the region.
- 2) We must say clearly that we will fight any act of aggression in the area.
- 3) And we must forthwith so organize our military forces and our economic

resources that the Communists will understand that we mean to stand by what we say.

The long-range success of the Manila conference will depend upon the degree of American support for these proposals.

COMMUNIST PINCERS ENCIRCLING THE U.S.

CARDINAL SPELLMAN, leading Catholic prelate of North America, before the American Legion:

COMMUNISM has a world plan and it has been following a carefully set up timetable for the achievement of that plan. Red rulers know what they want with terrible clarity. Time is running out for us also, because, given the present pace of the Communist advance, it cannot be long before its encircling pincers will be turning upon ourselves. The danger of another Pearl Harbor embracing the whole American people is definitely possible and possibly imminent.

How can there be peaceful coexistence between two parties if one of them is continually clawing at the throat of the other? How does one peacefully coexist with men who mouth words of peace while waging treacherous war? A sentence of death has been passed upon us by the very power with whom we have been asked peacefully to coexist. We need to remember, as we have never remembered before, how fatal it would be to succumb to the temptation to place any trust in those evil leaders who have risen to their world position by reason of lies, duplicity and treason.

RUSSIAN DIPLOMACY DONS A NEW FACE

THE NEW LEADER, leftist anti-Communist weekly, finds Russian diplomacy in a new—and deceptive—stage.

SINCE Stalin's death, a new and defter hand has been clearly evident in Soviet political stagecraft. Gone is the Georgian villain of yesterday. Instead, we have dapper Georgi Malenkov. Gone, too, are the declamations against mad-dog imperialist warmongers, to be replaced by soft asides aimed straight at the hearts of susceptible Western Europeans. The ancient Kremlin fortress is no longer to house Soviet leaders. A few weeks ago, Soviet diplomats stepped out of their gaudy uniforms and into Western-style business suits. The Soviet Union is today trying to crash back into the po-

lite diplomatic society of Western Europe, in the hope that the adroit maneuver and the courteous phrase will achieve what the mailed fist and the heavy-handed insult could not. It is hard to believe that a change of costume and décor in Moscow could fool anyone. Yet, millions of Western Europeans are only too willing to snatch at any sign that Stalin's death ushered in the millennium. And, all the while, the slow mobilization of "liberation armies" goes forward in Asia. America will need all the courage, ingenuity and moral purpose she can muster to check the spread of Communist power.

ACHRISTIAN STANDS ABOVE ANY SEGREGATION LAW

THE WORLD COUNCIL OF CHURCHES concluded its final statements at Evanston with a provocative message on race relations.

THE hatreds, jealousies and suspicions with which the world has always been afflicted are deepened by racial prejudices and fears entrenched in law and custom. In some situations men come to accept race conflict as inevitable and lose hope of peaceful solution. Separation solely on the grounds of race is abhorrent. We seek to justify such exclusion on the grounds of difference of culture. We even say that we are willing to abandon all separations, but must retain them because so many others are unwilling to abandon them. We often make use of the unregenerateness of the world to excuse our own.

The church is called upon to set aside such excuses and to declare God's will both in words and deeds. The problems of race, difficult as they are, insoluble as they sometimes appear to be, provide an opportunity for Christians, Jew and Gentile, Greek and barbarian. The whole pattern of racial discrimination is an unutterable offense against God, to be endured no longer. It is the duty of the church to protest against any law or arrangement that is unjust to any human being. Some of its members may even feel bound to disobey such law. The church cannot approve of any law which discriminates on grounds of race.

While [we] can find in the Bible no clear justification or condemnation of intermarriage, [we] cannot approve any law against racial or ethnic intermarriage. Marriage involves primarily a decision between two individuals before God which goes beyond the jurisdiction of state or culture. There is no evidence that the children of such marriages are inherently inferior, and any treatment of them as such should be condemned.

FOREIGN NEWS

WESTERN EUROPE

Mending the Hole

The question before the house was: After EDC, what next? Four years' effort to rearm the Germans and force a united Europe had reached dead end. The Atlantic alliance was confronted with what one English paper called "a hole in the wall." Confidence between the allies was dissolving into distrust—the U.S. playing "hands off," the Germans beating their chests, the French thumbing their noses and threatening to run away.

Deteriorating Situation. It was also summertime, and the living was getting easier in most European countries. Parliaments were in recess, and the news out of Russia was not of cold threats but of warm toasts with obliging British Socialists. Puzzled newsmen seeking to measure French public response to the defeat of EDC found pockets of Frenchmen dejected by the destruction of a European ideal and other pockets newly passionate in their fear of Germany. But the general tone was "we couldn't care less."

The Germans cared a lot—not because they were dying to get into uniform, but because they were keen to get back their sovereignty. The result in West Germany was a sudden despair, which was bound to revive the old nationalism, and spread the conviction that good behavior does not pay any more than bad behavior had.

The indifference of the one, the despair of the other had one quality in common: a public unreadiness to hurry into new ventures. Moscow could not have wished for anything more. In this context, the scurrings of Western diplomats had an unreal, almost irrelevant air.

Search for Substitutes. Yet the statesmen at least seemed to recognize that something had to be done and fast. In France, Germany and Britain, Cabinets met in special sessions with the same urgent agenda: to find a substitute for EDC that would safely rearm the Germans without losing the French. Their emphasis was on speed, for some new formula would have to be ready and waiting in the next few weeks before the Bundestag reconvened to lay German disappointment at Konrad Adenauer's door, before the Bevanite "No Guns for Huns" campaign seduced Britain's Labor Party into opposition to any German rearmament, before the U.S. got too involved in its fall election campaign, before France's Mendès-France could upset the appellate with another of his drastic alternatives.

Almost everyone seemed agreed that there must be "some kind" of German rearmament. But what kind?

The U.S. State Department, with no plan of its own to offer, acted as if this were a problem for Europeans only. Talk of an EDC without France died almost as soon as it began. Konrad Adenauer contended that EDC might still be revived, but he sounded neither convinced nor convincing. Mendès-France proposed a loose-

er European coalition that would include Britain, but Sir Winston Churchill (for all his high-minded talk of European citizenship in 1947) had said before, and last week said again, that Britain was unwilling to get too involved on the Continent.

Germany in NATO. Churchill, nevertheless, made the week's most helpful suggestion: a conference in London of the six EDC powers plus the U.S., Britain and Canada. They would talk first of giving West Germany its sovereignty, though perhaps not so sweepingly as the Adenauer government demanded in its first angry reaction to the death of EDC. Then some careful formula would have to be worked out for German rearmament within the framework of NATO. Limits on German



EX-PREMIER HERRIOT
The end of France?

strength would be harder to negotiate now that the Germans were stronger and in no mood to be discriminated against. But looking again at the text of EDC, diplomats noted that some of its devices, like the pooling of arms production, might be used to keep the Germans in check.

The vital question remained: Could France's allies persuade it to admit the Germans to NATO? The British thought that Mendès-France, at least, could be made to listen to "reason" because, after finding himself a minority of one against five at Brussels, he would hardly dare isolate his country seven to one in London.

It was also becoming clear to many worried Frenchmen that the rejection of EDC had set in train a series of allied reactions which Mendès had not sufficiently anticipated. Shaping up before the French was one of those logical questions that French Premiers have a habit of putting to their allies. France might reject EDC, but is it prepared to go all the way and discard its NATO shield?

FRANCE

The Assassination

The manner of EDC's passing did credit to no one. Premier Pierre Mendès-France, famed man of decision, refused to decide. Deputies pleaded with him to give a clear lead; he would not.

"It was an assassination, not even an execution, for the witnesses were not called and the verdict was given in the most irresponsible manner imaginable," said one Frenchman.

Before the debate had run two days, EDC's friends felt their cause was lost, and sought to delay. They even offered a motion urging Mendès to return to Brussels for one more try at persuading other EDC partners to accept his sweeping amendments. It was a desperate retreat for men who had previously denounced Mendès' revisions. EDC opponents countered with the deadliest weapon in the rules of order, a *question préalable*—which calls for an immediate vote to decide whether the subject before the Assembly is worth discussing at all. To adopt it would be to kill EDC humiliate.

The Old Bear Speaks. Under the *préalable* rule, only one speech is allowed each side before the vote. For this speech EDC's foes shrewdly called on ailing old Edouard Herriot, honorary President of the Assembly, who for years has appealed more to French emotions than to French intelligence. Bowed under the weight of his 82 years and long illness, he was too feeble to rise and mount the rostrum, but from his bench the "old bear" spoke theatrically in his deep voice. "I have read the documents with anguish," he rumbled. "No one can say that Great Britain is engaged to stand by our side. That alone would be enough to make me reject EDC. . . . The treaty does not give France the right to withdraw from the community as it does Germany. By leaving Germany freedom of action, we offer her the possibility of negotiating with Russia, who has much to trade." Concluded Herriot: "The treaty, and I say this at the end of my life, would be the end of France."

At 7 p.m. the voting began. Deliberately, Mendès-France and his Cabinet abstained. When it was over, Assembly President Le Troquer, who had lost an arm to the Germans in World War I, announced: "By 319 votes against 264, the National Assembly adopts the *question préalable*. In consequence, ratification of the European Defense Community Treaty is rejected."

Songs & Blows. With a shout, the Gaullists leaped to their feet. The Communists burst into the *Marseillaise*. "Back to Moscow," M.R.P. Deputies hooted. A Gaullist and a Socialist almost came to blows. Ex-Premier Paul Reynaud climbed the rostrum, shouted above the uproar: "This is the first time in the history of the French Parliament that a treaty has been rejected without the author [ex-Premier René Pleven] or the signer [Robert Schu-



EX-PREMIER REYNAUD
The blood of the past . . .

man] of the treaty having been heard." Then EDC supporters struck up the *Marseillaise*. "Why not *Deutschland über Alles?*" shouted a heckler.

After 27 months and four Premiers, France had at last made its decision. Out of suspicion, misguided patriotism and ancient prejudice, it rejected the formula France itself had devised for a controlled rearmament of the Germans within a homogeneous six-nation European army. In the crucible of decision, party lines shattered. Three big groups held themselves together: all 99 Communists voted solidly against EDC; so did all but six of the 73 Gaullists. The Catholic M.R.P.s of Bidault and Schuman voted 86 to 2 for it. But 53 out of 105 Socialists bolted party discipline to vote against;* 34 out of 76 Radicals (Mendès-France's own party) voted against EDC; so did ten out of 24 Deputies of Plevin's U.D.S.R.

End of the Lie. "The monster is dead . . . the era of the lie is ended," proclaimed the leftist *Combat*. The Communist *Humanité* crowed: "A great victory." Pro-EDC critics charged bitterly that Mendès had allowed the 99 Communist votes to decide the fate of France. Mendès apologists insisted that had the debate continued to the bitter end, the anti-EDC majority would have swelled to about 115, enough to kill EDC even without Communist help.

In the Assembly, Mendès' foes launched a savage attack designed to bring him down. There was now no alternative to a revived and uncontrolled *Heilmacht*, they charged. Cried ex-Premier Reynaud: "You have killed a French idea which restored French prestige . . . You often appeal to young France, but what do you offer her? You hurl her back into the blood of the past!"

Said ex-Premier Antoine Pinay: "In

comparing the conferences of Geneva and Brussels, Mr. Premier, you have implied it was easier to get along with the Communist countries than with our friends and allies. If Chou En-lai seemed a more amiable negotiator than Monsieur Spaak, that is no doubt because you did more to reach understanding with the former than with the latter."

"That is abominably base," cried Mendès, stung.

"But the results are there to prove it," cried a rightist Deputy.

"Results, yes," retorted Mendès. "Before July 20, we lost 400 soldiers every day. Since July, 400 human lives have been saved daily."

Pinay got tougher: "You exactly predicted our majority yesterday . . . But you omitted yourself—the influence you could have had in the vote if you had worked for ratification . . . The Soviet Machiavelli desires a government which would ruin the [Atlantic] alliance in pretending to defend it. Such a government. I hasten to add, is not yours. But if it existed, it would do what you are doing."

Means, Not Ends. Pale and defiant, Mendès took the rostrum. Looking at Pinay and Reynaud, he snapped: "I admire your energetic attitudes, although they have not always been in evidence . . . The treaty hung fire for 2½ years. It was signed by the Pinay government, but I don't recall Monsieur Pinay trying to bring it to a vote."

Mendès pressed on: "We were paralyzed by our indecision. Now that we are freed of that particular indecision, we must act and quickly." He proposed to recess the Assembly, but demanded a vote of support for the foreign policies he intended to pursue. The debate showed, he argued, that "if there is a division, it is not on the end, but on the means of organizing Western defense . . . Our policy is unchanged: that of the Atlantic alliance and the organization of Europe, which should be founded on Franco-German reconciliation . . . I cannot believe that we shall fail to find the means." By a surprising 418 to 162 vote, the Assembly gave Mendès its support and recessed until November. The divided Socialists, who want to have a hand in Mendès' economic reform, supported him solidly.

After the Battle. Mendès retired to his country retreat at Marly, relaxing in slacks and sweater. On the littered political field of battle, musketry still rattled and firing squads went about their melancholy tasks. Reynaud, Pinay, Schuman, Bidault, Plevin and Laniel issued a defiant pledge that they would never give up the fight for EDC. The Socialist Party expelled Jules Moch and two other prominent anti-EDC rebels. The M.R.P. expelled three. Three pro-EDC Ministers resigned from the Cabinet, exactly counterbalancing the three anti-EDC Gaullists who had resigned three weeks ago in protest against Mendès' compromise proposals. Forced to his first Cabinet reshuffle, Mendès brought three new EDC supporters into the government, got one of the Gaullists to return—a balance



EX-PREMIER PINAY
. . . or a Soviet Machiavelli?

designed to demonstrate that Mendès was seeking a substitute formula which "good Europeans" could support.

But Mendès had seriously shaken the nation's—and the western world's—confidence in him. True, the Assembly vote had borne out his oft-repeated contention (in the face of the U.S. State Department's insistence to the contrary) that there was not a majority for EDC in the Assembly. But conceivably, on the impetus of his triumphs in Geneva and Tunisia, Mendès could have pushed EDC through. He still had, and has, great popular support in a country which is fed to the teeth with most of the old political faces.

His countrymen were disappointed that the man whose favorite political maxim is "we must choose" had failed to proclaim his choice: that the man of bold actions had acted the part of a man of devious devices. France's allies were distressed by his accusations that they had ganged up on him, charges that fanned French chauvinism and rekindled old hates. For Mendès, the way back would be harder now; doubts were now planted.

WEST GERMANY

The End of Patience

The old man threaded his way with quick gait through the grey stone château resort high in the pines of the Black Forest, past his fellow guests and their nurses. On vacation, he looked as chipper as ever, walking in the morning amid the trees, kneeling for as long as an hour in the chapel, while Paul, his son, said Mass. He joshed the hotel servants: when a waiter with a Rhineland accent brought the corkscrew to open some 40-year-old brandy, he insisted that the man drink with him.

But in his 79th year, Konrad Adenauer, *Der Alte* of West Germany, was not as well as he looked: he had come back from the Brussels Conference plagued with

* A larger revolt than anticipated by U.S. diplomats, and a crucial factor in their misreading.

insomnia, able to sleep only under doses of drugs. At Brussels, after the meeting ended, he had seen Mendès-France for an hour. Every word had hurt. EDC was dead, Mendès said. "But my French friends tell me that EDC has a chance in the National Assembly," said Adenauer. "They lied to you," Mendès had replied curtly.

One Wish. Now, suddenly, he was a tired, discouraged old man who had lost precious time chasing a mirage. His Cabinet was howling hate at the French, his Foreign Office was split, his people resentful at being turned away unloved, unwanted once again. His opponents sneered that though he had virtually handed Germany to the West, all he had received in return was a boot in the backside.

Once, long ago, Sir Winston Churchill asked Adenauer: "Mr. Chancellor, if you had one wish, what would it be?" Aden-

exist. The Allies were also notified that West Germany would no longer accept the limited sovereignty previously agreed to in the Bonn contracts, but wanted "full and unrestricted sovereignty." In other words, gone would be the treaty curbs on rearmament and the reserve emergency powers that would allow the occupation authorities to intervene in West German affairs in case of a serious threat to democratic order.

New Assertiveness. Next day, concerned over an unfavorable European reaction to the truculent tone of the communiqué, Adenauer's Press Chief Felix von Eckardt summoned 125 correspondents and retreated a bit: "The federal government believes that any effective defense of Europe can only take place with the cooperation of France."

But Germany did not abandon its new

broadcast over all West German radio stations, remained correct: "No German politician thinks of isolating or even offending France. I am profoundly convinced that an understanding between France and Germany is the absolutely necessary foundation for any European policy." But he made it clear that "negotiations have begun with Britain and the U.S." to the exclusion of France. "Further negotiations with France will follow," he promised. But the reality was that Germany, spurned by France, was now in turn acting without consulting its neighbor. Between the two, the historic abyss was reopening; opened wider, it could swallow European unity.

GREAT BRITAIN

MacRobert's Reply

Rachel Workman MacRobert was born American—in Worcester, Mass.—but marriage to a Scottish laird made her a loyal Briton by more than simple law. Her husband was Sir Alexander MacRobert, baronet and laird of Dounesside and Cromar, Aberdeenshire, one of that band of hardy Scots who went forth to build the Empire, making Scotland proud and England great. When he died in 1922, he left a million-dollar estate; Lady MacRobert herself became a director of the British India Corp. Ltd., which he had founded.

His eldest son, Sir Alisdair, took over his father's job as head of B.I.C. Two years later he was killed in an air crash. The family title passed to Rachel MacRobert's second son, Roderic. In May 1941 Sir Roderic, a flight lieutenant in the R.A.F., was killed fighting for Britain over Iraq. Less than a year later, his younger brother, R.A.F. Pilot Officer Sir Iain MacRobert, 26, was reported missing in action over the North Atlantic. Stricken Rachel MacRobert made what she called "a mother's immediate reply." Enclosing a check for £25,000 to buy a Stirling bomber, she wrote to the Air Minister: "I have no more sons to wear the MacRobert badge or carry it in the fight . . . but if I had ten sons, I know they would all have followed that line of duty." The R.A.F. bought the bomber and named it *MacRobert's Reply*.

A year later, when Sir Iain was reported definitely dead, Lady MacRobert sent another check to buy four Hurricane fighters. "The MacRoberts always fight on," she wrote, and set to work on the project of turning her house and estate into a rest home for airmen.

Last week courageous Lady MacRobert, the last of the MacRoberts and Britain's most venerated wartime mother, died at 74, leaving behind her, as London's *Daily Express* wrote, "a legend to linger on as long as British youth takes to the skies."

Free-for-All

Ever since the middle of the war, well behaved Londoners have patiently queued at recognized bus stops to await their chance, in order and decorum. To its friends, queuing up is a symbol of British fair play; to its enemies, a sign of gen-



CHANCELLOR ADENAUER & VISITORS®
Heady talk and a wispish recognition of defeat.

auer replied without hesitation: "A strong France." He believed that working with a strong France would be difficult, but with a weak France, impossible.

Now he was convinced that France had shown itself weak, and his patience was ended. Politically endangered and personally disillusioned, he summoned his Cabinet to the Black Forest and spoke for 45 minutes in a wispish voice that grew especially cutting when he alluded to the French. The meeting, scheduled for an hour, stretched into four. Minister after minister rose to contribute his sense of outrage, and the improvised Cabinet room in the hotel swelled with heady, confident talk of Germany resurrected. Next morning, in a formal communiqué, the Adenauer government announced that it would seek restoration of sovereignty and rearmament within a security system through negotiations with the U.S., Britain and those powers that had ratified EDC. France was not mentioned, as though it did not

assertiveness. At week's end Adenauer displayed his new strategy: to attack and isolate the Mendès-France regime while proclaiming friendship for France. In an interview with the *Times* of London, Adenauer said bluntly: "Mendès-France wanted to destroy the EDC . . . Only if we Europeans stand together can we hold out against Communist Russia—and that, unfortunately, Mendès-France does not understand . . . It is important to note that Mendès-France has no majority behind him." He found a sympathetic echo in Wisconsin Senator Alexander Wiley, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, who, after a three-hour chat with Adenauer, blamed Mendès-France for the defeat of EDC and added: "I cannot believe that a free expression of the French will have given the same result."

Adenauer's attitude toward France.

© U.S. High Commissioner Conant, Wisconsin Senator Alexander Wiley.

teel regimentation typical of the new British welfare state. Either way, only the vulgar opportunist ever sought to bypass the queue by climbing aboard the open rear platform of a halted bus between stops. Last week, however, once respectable middle-aged businessmen and elderly ladies were kiting after stopped buses like hounds on the scent.

The race began when a conductor on one of London's big two-deckers tried to throw off a passenger who boarded his bus when it stopped at a red light. The ensuing battle landed them both in court, where, after due consideration, Magistrate Paul Bennett decided "that a citizen has the right to board a bus whenever it is stationary." The magistrate's decision knocked EDC out of the headlines and rattled teacups all over London. The outraged London Transport Executive ordered conductors to defy the court and to go right on discouraging between-stop boarding in the interest of safety, but to do so with delicacy, tact and common sense. The bus drivers' union demanded a "fight to get this bus jumping made a punishable offense," which would take an Act of Parliament.

London's *Economist*, called the right to bus jump "one of the symbols that distinguishes Britain from Prussia." But letter writers complained to their favorite papers that bus jumping "by athletic, predatory men" was un-English. Bus drivers themselves met the crisis with the required tact. At Trafalgar Square traffic lights, when one Londoner leaped aboard, the conductor grinned and addressed the passengers. "Shall I chuck him off or give him a medal?" As lights halted another bus at Lower Regent Street, the conductor bellowed cheerfully, "Stand by to repel boarders."

As the futile battle raged on, the eventual solution appeared likely to be the characteristically English one proposed by the *London News Chronicle*: "The public should retain its right to board buses where it pleases, but the public should not be foolish enough to exercise its right."

Journey's End

A short, squat bridge perches across a shallow gully at Lo Wu, where Red China and British Hong Kong meet. Railroad tracks as well as a footpath stretch across the bridge, but until last week, no passenger had ridden across since 1949. The thousands of Chinese refugees, European missionaries and businessmen who have crossed the bridge with their wives and children since then have been forced to walk, or more frequently, to limp along the footpath bearing on their weary backs or in their hands those few possessions they were able to wrench from the Communist grasp.

Last week, riding in a gleaming, Japanese-built parlor car behind an old, Philadelphia-built locomotive decorated with the red stars of Mao Tse-tung's China, British Laborites Clement Attlee, Aneurin Bevan and their six fellow travelers emerged from three weeks behind the Iron Curtain to roll across the Lo Wu

bridge in luxurious oblivion of the lowly footpath beneath them. In Hong Kong the touring Laborites parted company: Attlee to go to Australia, Bevan and the others to visit Japan. But behind them in Red China, they had obligingly left with Chinese newsmen a joint declaration that gave no evidence of an ideological split. "We sympathize with the efforts the Chinese people are making," the Laborites had said in a single voice, "and we believe that this sympathy and understanding should be shown by the rest of the world in immediate and practical form."

Frustrations & Freedoms. To the 70-odd U.S. and British reporters waiting to meet them in Hong Kong, the Laborites were considerably less gracious. "Any statement on your tour?" one of the news-

Attlee was a little more talkative. He described with satisfaction his answer to Red Boss Mao, who had urged him to use his influence to withdraw all U.S. military aid from Asia and Germany (*TIME*, Sept. 6). He, in turn, had urged Mao to do what he could to curb the rampant militarism and intolerance that he had noticed in Soviet Russia, "the most heavily armed country in the world." Attlee cited this exchange as if it were proof of his standing up to the Reds, whereas the net impression of Attlee's remarks seemed to be that all of Mao's bellicose accusations against the U.S. were unfortunately true, but American misbehavior was offset somewhat by Russia's militance and bad manners.

In almost a *sotto voce* footnote, Attlee



United Press

ATTLEE & MAO IN PEKING
Freedom to love and a great success with flies.

men asked Attlee, but before the former Prime Minister could even remove his pipe, Morgan Phillips, Labor Secretary and party chaperon, snapped, "No." Only Trade Union Leader Harry Franklin and Dr. Edith Summerskill seemed disposed to chat, the one about houseflies ("Why, I've seen more flies right here than I saw in all my time in China"), the other about the "increased freedom in the field of love" now enjoyed by Chinese women. Dr. Summerskill had also been impressed with the absence of flies and the "fact" that their extinction had reduced China's infant death rate from 20% to 4%. "On what is that figure based?" asked a reporter. "Oh," said Dr. Summerskill, "a nice Chinese professor told me." "Well," muttered one frustrated reporter to himself after hearing still more testimony relative to houseflies, "one thing is sure—there are no flies on Mao."

At a later Hong Kong press conference, free at last of his chaperon Phillips,

declared that China's rulers maintained "far too many delusions about the West," but by and large, he had "been impressed by certain very definite reforms that, from all we could gather, marked a new departure in China." Attlee said that there was "evidence," although he cited none and admitted there was really very little, that "you have [there] a government that is incorruptible, that is genuinely working in accordance with the principles believed and has done some very remarkable pieces of work, a government based on the good will of the peasant population." In Red China, said Attlee, "there is no pretense that everything is all right yet. That is an engaging contrast to Russia, where we were always assured that they are ahead of the world in everything." And of course, in Red China, said Clem, there were "no flies."

Petrification & Differences. In Tokyo, where he was shunned by Premier Yoshida and welcomed with open arms by the

opposition Socialists. Nye Bevan agreed with his party chief that China's Communists seemed far more relaxed than those in Russia, who all "seemed petrified with fear in the presence of Malenkov." He called again for "peaceful coexistence between the nations of the world" and sought to torpedo the SEATO conference in Manila. Somewhat irrelevantly, he added: "There are ideological differences between Communism and Socialism, just as there are between Socialism and the United States, but we do not believe these differences can be properly settled by war." When a Socialist brought up the subject of tuna fish irradiated by H-bombs that the Japanese would not eat, Bevan brought down the house with the wisecracking suggestion: "Feed the tuna to U.S. servicemen stationed in Japan."

SOUTHEAST ASIA

Cloud of Difficulties

On an Air Force Constellation named the *Devedrop*, Secretary Dulles arrived last week in Manila for the eight-power conference that would try to work out a Southeast Asia Treaty Organization (SEATO). Although he is the most extensively traveled U.S. Secretary of State in history, Dulles had not been in the Philippines since 1950. He emerged from the plane smiling but somewhat disheveled, to receive a 10-gun salute. This, he said, would be "one of the most important international conferences of our time."

The meeting was important, no doubt, and the importance was enhanced by recent free-world defeats in Indo-China

Geneva and Paris (which Dulles did not allude to). But SEATO was beset by a cloud of its own difficulties and handicaps.

Matters of Definition. The two non-Communist powers of Asia with the largest armies—Formosa and South Korea—were not represented. Nor was Japan, which is potentially the strongest non-Communist power in Asia. Only two powers from the Asian mainland came to Manila: Thailand and Pakistan.⁶ and Pakistan came only to observe. Four of the "Colombo powers"—India, Ceylon, Burma, Indonesia—stayed away.

Immediately, Dulles discovered that his draft of the pact, which was too strong for those who stayed away, was too weak for some who came. The American draft contained no provision for automatic action in case of aggression, as NATO does, but provides for emergency consultation and measures by each nation within its constitutional bounds. Dulles explained that, for SEATO, he could not persuade Congress to ratify a NATO-style treaty.

The U.S. wanted the threat defined as "Communist aggression" because it did not want to find itself pledged to stop some other kind of aggression (e.g., an India-Pakistan scrap). The British wanted to take out "Communist" on the grounds that unless this were done, none of the neutralist powers could ever be persuaded to join the alliance.

Thailand and the Philippines found themselves in a dispute over internal

⁶ The other six: Australia, New Zealand, the Philippines, the U.S., Britain, France.

"liberation" movements. Since Thailand now finds herself threatened by the same kind of "inside job" as Indo-China was, she wanted guarantees against subversion. The Philippines wished to avoid any definition that would require her to help a colonial power quell a genuine nationalist movement. The U.S. wanted to protect the southern tier of Asian states—Burma, Thailand, Laos, Cambodia and Viet Nam. The Philippines wanted to defend only treaty signers and challenged the right of France to sign for the three independent states of Indo-China.

Special Arrangement. In response to unremitting Philippine pleas for more U.S. assurances, Secretary Dulles reminded their leaders that they were the beneficiaries of special protection, such as the U.S. provides for Formosa. "The United States-Philippine defense treaty," said Dulles, "is an important link in the defense system of the free world in Asia. It should be so strong as to be unbreakable. I have been told that concern has been expressed that the United States might not come to the aid of your country in event of aggression. I wish to state in most emphatic terms that the United States will honor fully its commitments under the mutual-defense treaty. If the Philippines were attacked, the United States would act immediately."

This was fine as a special arrangement and a special warning to Communism, but it had little to offer to SEATO—unless the U.S. were willing to make similar guarantees for the other SEATO nations, which it was not. At best, the SEATO conference represented a determination by some nations in a world area to do something about Communist encroachment. The danger was that the conference might end up exposing with precision how little would be done, not how much.

THE PHILIPPINES

"A Mockery of Justice"

Neatly dressed in gaudy slacks and lightweight lumber jacket, a battered copy of *Reader's Digest* clutched in his hands, Prisoner Luis Taruc stood before the bar of justice in Manila last week. The man who had led the bloody, Communist Huk rebellion for eight years heard his sentence: twelve years in jail, a \$10,000 fine. Taruc beamed, relatives happily pounded his back, hushed his checks. Then, with colossal effrontery, the rebel leader announced: "I can take anything for the sake of the peace of our country."

Cried the Manila *Evening News*: "The minimum sentence is an insult and bitter fruit for those who have suffered at his hands. It cannot help but invite the suspicion that the government has made a deal with him."

Ever since Taruc surrendered voluntarily and amicably to his emissaries last May, talk of a deal has persisted; the Philippine government seemed almost as anxious as Taruc to stop the costly blood-letting. Despite Taruc's acknowledged involvement in killing, the government had



PRESIDENT MAGSAYSAY & SECRETARY DULLES
A link so strong as to be unbreakable.

not asked the death sentence, but it had plainly expected a lifetime jail sentence. "I am shocked," said President Ramon Magsaysay. "For the No. 1 Communist of all to get such a light sentence is a mockery of justice." Magsaysay forthwith ordered his legal aides to 1) appeal the light sentence, 2) press murder charges against Taruc.

KOREA

Sad Exchange

Eight green, tightly sealed, Russian-built trucks, driven by Chinese wearing surgical masks, rolled south into the U.N.'s white, neat reception center in Korea's demilitarized zone. A North Korean major, dapper in black boots and gold epaulets, shook hands with a U.S. major, stiffly announced: "We have 200 bodies; 193 of them are American remains, seven are unknown." The U.N. and the Communists had begun carrying out one of the armistice provisions—exchange of war dead.

The Communists are returning 4,011 U.N. dead. The U.N. is handing over 14,061 enemy dead (2,154 Chinese, 9,655 North Koreans, 2,252 unknown). It was a grim job and would continue to be: all U.S. bodies would be examined in laboratories in Japan, and identifying marks checked against records, to make sure that the Communists had not pulled any funny business.

One U.S. stretcher-bearer, sweating and tired after more than two hours of unloading, checking and reloading, complained: "What a hell of a job—why don't they just let 'em be?" A colonel gently explained: "It's for the folks back home. Even if there's nothing left but a few bones, they have the right to have them."

INDO-CHINA

Hero's Return

The Viet Minh Communists delayed several times—once, they said, because rain had hampered their transport. Then, some hours after last week's deadline for exchanging prisoners was past, they handed over their highest-ranking captive: Brigadier General Christian de Castries, 52, the dauntless but defeated commander of Dienbienphu, who had spent four months in Red hands. He seemed years older, much thinner, and his hair was greyer. He refused a stretcher. He admitted that he was not in good shape, but said he was a hard man, that he would be all right after a glass of wine and a few days of rest.

Since he had had almost nothing to eat except rice during his imprisonment, he called for a dish of French fries and downed them ravenously. He cabled his blonde wife Jacqueline, who expected him in Paris in a few days: FREED TODAY, RETURNING TO HANOI, PASSIONATELY, CHRISTIAN.

Only a naval officer and an army doctor met him at Viettri, the exchange point near the Red River. "Where is my staff?"



DE CASTRIES (AFTER RELEASE)
"I cannot control my emotion."

said Christian de Castries. The unpleasant fact was that, in the bitterness of defeat, some senior French officers had refused to go to Viettri on the ground that De Castries' defense tactics at Dienbienphu had been faulty and that he was partly responsible for the fall of the fortress. To reporters, De Castries said that he had never run up a white flag, even when Dienbienphu was overrun. After his capture, he had no water during the first four days and was kept in isolation, guarded by four Viet Minh soldiers. Eventually he was taken before General Vo Nguyen Giap, the crafty Viet Minh commander, but would not reveal what they talked about.

The general spent his first night of freedom on a U.S. landing craft moored in the Red River. He stripped off his drab prison clothes, threw them into the water, donned a fresh uniform with the jaunty red cap of the Moroccan spahis. Next day he sailed to Hanoi and was greeted on the dock by General René Cogny, wartime commander in the northern theater, who is still in command pending the Communist takeover. As he embraced Cogny, De Castries burst into tears. "Excuse me," he said. "It's foolish, but I cannot control my emotion." Then Cogny, also visibly moved, whisked the returned hero off to the villa that De Castries had lived in before he went to Dienbienphu.

The Communists returned some 15,000 prisoners; the French sent 63,000 Viet Minh captives back to Communism. This left unknown the fate of about 25,000 French Union troops, including 20,000 Vietnamese, and the Communists showed no sign of accounting for them. Among those freed by the Reds were five U.S. Air Force technicians, captured while absent without leave and swimming at a beach.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Hamstrung Hobby

"Learning Russian," proclaimed Czechoslovakia's official Communist radio last week, "has now become a passionate national hobby. More than 1,500,000 Czech students have attended popular Russian language classes during the past five years."

"However," conceded the broadcaster, "the useful work of the language classes is still hampered by some defects—such as irregular attendance and lack of industry on the part of the students. The fault is partly that of the teachers, who present the subject in a boring form."

TRADE

Going to the Fairs

An American in Damascus was worried about the prestige of his country. Here the Russians had spent half a million dollars building the biggest pavilion at the Damascus Fair, while the U.S. Government had refused to let him spend even \$15,000. Harris Peel, the USIS chief in Damascus, cast about for "something that would steal the show" yet cost nothing. His solution: Cinerama, which had never before been shown outside the U.S.

Peel talked the Cinerama people into providing the film, Warner Bros. into lending projectors, the U.S. Air Force into ferrying 35 tons of equipment (four projectors, 72 speakers and a special 62,000-watt generator, since Cinerama alone could use all of Damascus' electricity). Last week, by special engraved invitation, the first audience—1,500 Syrian bigwigs and their families—rode the roller coaster, toured the U.S. by airplane, while the sound track chorused *America, the Beautiful*. The bigwigs (and 400 others who crashed the gates) seemed a little bewildered by it all. Undaunted, Peel decided Cinerama's real test would come when Syria's kaffiyeh-topped shepherds and camel drivers start thronging into the fair, two-a-day show.

Even so, it was hardly a match for the Communists, who are going all out for international fairs this year, erecting the biggest exhibition building at Damascus, at Izmir (Smyrna) in Turkey, at Salonika in Greece, at Djakarta in Indonesia. Gone were the days when the Soviets sent a few heavy tools and a few heavy-handed "salesmen" with propaganda pamphlets. Now the Communists were smooth fellows, showing off automobiles, caviar, medical equipment and agricultural implements and talking grandly (though also vaguely) of delivery dates and competitive prices. They were courteous as could be. "After all," explained a Red trade weekly, "politeness and hospitality have nothing to do with capitalist customs. Both were practiced in the ancient days."

At Izmir, record crowds of Turks were enticed by shiny Russian goods and a natural curiosity about their hated neighbors. A Turk examined a Russian automobile, turned to his companion and said: "They, like us, also came back from

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Also a well-dressed Hanover in the swimming pool.

nowhere. Now look at what those unmentionables have achieved."

U.S. trade specialists are generally relaxed about the Russian fair displays. U.S. businessmen see little value in exhibiting in, say, Indonesia, which suffers from a lack of foreign exchange and a bewildering of trade controls. Said one expert: "A foreigner owning a factory built around American equipment isn't anxious to install Russian equipment, because the Russians haven't yet proven themselves on performance or maintenance like the Americans have."

But the suspicion remained that Russia may be successfully selling itself, if not its machinery. Last week President Eisenhower signed a special \$5,000,000 congressional authorization to participate in international fairs too, with something more than a borrowed Cinerama outfit.

GREECE

Family Reunion

There was a time when no monarch worthy of his ermine considered a throne worth sitting on unless its perquisites included a private yacht. But no more. Frederika of Greece, whose royal veins course with the blood of a host of Europe's kingly houses, has a throne but no yacht. Most of her royal cousins have neither. Then Frederika got an idea: she and her husband, King Paul, would play hosts to their less fortunate relatives aboard Greece's brand-new 5,500-ton liner *Agamemnon*. Gratefully, the members of Europe's royal families swept aboard the ship at Naples.

Numbering nearly 60 in all, they were representatives of the present ruling houses of Greece, Holland, Luxembourg, Norway, Denmark and Sweden; disinher-

ited princelings from Italy, France, Spain, Rumania, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria; dynastic relics from kingdoms whose thrones had long since ceased to exist; Bourbon-Parinas, Mecklenburgs, Schaumburg-Lippes, Hesses, Thurn und Taxis, and Hohenlohe-Langenburgs.

Since they were all related in one way or another, making the trip a family party. Cousin Frederika ordained that everything should be informal. Only 35-year-old Prince George of Greece (whose Bonaparte wife is one of France's leading psychoanalysts) was allowed to bring along a personal servant. Formal dress and court protocol were forbidden and the seating arrangements for each day's meals were drawn democratically by lot.

The *Agamemnon's* captain and first officer moved into second-class quarters to make room for the Greek King and Queen. The Grand Duchess of Luxembourg parked her duds in the chief engineer's bunk. Ex-King Michael of Rumania and his honey-haired wife Anne were berthed in a double stateroom.

As the cruise ship nosed its way through the Isles of Greece, stopping daily to give the tourists a chance to see the sights by bus or on muleback, royal teen-agers hacked around like any other kids, squirting each other with pop, staging impromptu Olympic games in ancient stadia and rewarding winners with stolen kisses. In the evening there were movies, and sometimes all hands joined to practice the mambo and the rumba, with Frederika easily carrying away top dancing honors. While the youngsters gulped gallons of Coca-Cola, their elders forsook champagne in favor of solid Scotch. At the end of one hilarious evening, some of the more enthusiastic princelings tossed their cousin Christian of Hanover into the ship's swimming pool fully clad, then all jumped in themselves. After that, Frederika ordered the pool emptied each night at 2 a.m.

Last week when the *Agamemnon* docked

* From left: Frederika of Greece, Maria José of Italy, Juliana of The Netherlands, Paul of Greece.



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at Naples once again at the cruise's end. It was generally agreed that the trip had been a huge success, and as Don Juan, pretender to the throne of Spain, put it, a bit forlornly, "a fine chance for the children to get to know each other."

EGYPT

Friend of the West

During the days when Egypt was trying to negotiate the British out of the Suez, the ten-man Revolutionary Command Council that rules Egypt indicated that it might listen to the Kremlin's siren song. But now that the British have agreed to quit the Suez and the U.S. has promised \$80 million in aid, Egypt's young military junta sent a statement to all foreign correspondents in Cairo. Its gist: Egypt regards itself as a friend to the West, though it is unwilling to join a defense alliance.

Said the official "background paper": "Egypt's culture, trade and economic life are linked to the West. Ideologically Egypt is outspokenly against Communism. Militarily, Egypt considers that the only possible global danger to the Middle East is an invasion from Russia."

But, continued Egypt's rulers, they dared not take Egypt into a defensive alliance so soon after 72 years of British occupation, lest it seem that they had again surrendered Egypt's hard-won independence. However, after "a period of complete independence, during which mutual trust is built up between Egypt and the Western powers, Egyptians will be able to look without suspicion on any closer ties [with] other powers."

None of this appeared in the local press. In fact, when the statement leaked out, all Cairo's morning newspapers printed a statement from Premier Gamal Abdel Nasser denying it. To add to the confusion, foreign correspondents were then told to ignore the denial, which was only for "home consumption."

TUNISIA

Friendly Advice

Beset as he was by the EDC fight, Premier Mendès-France found time to keep one prior promise: an attempt to bring peace and stability to France's shaky, strife-torn North African empire in Tunisia. Mendès himself, in his first weeks in office, had promised the Bey of Tunis internal sovereignty and an all-Tunisian government. Last week talks designed to bring substance out of the shadow of the Mendès proposals began in Tunis.

To give the talks the best possible chance of success, Mendès restored to legal status the Neo-Destour Party of nationalists, outlawed since 1948. Several hundred Tunisians, held in isolation or in jail, were amnestied (though not any accused of murder). Travel controls were eased. These improvements followed the suggestions of Habib Bourguiba, exiled Neo-Destour leader, who is now sojourning at a villa not far from Paris and giving friendly advice to the Mendès-France government.

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BRAZIL

New Pilot

In the troubled days following Strong Man Getulio Vargas' suicide, Brazil's outlawed Communists tried hard to keep the pot boiling. But new President João Café Filho was ready for the Reds. When they organized a 24-hour general strike last week in industrial São Paulo, he relieved the local army commander as a suspected Red sympathizer, ordered troops and police to keep the public services going, and, most important, ended the day without gunplay or violence.

Unruffled by reports that the Reds planned to make further trouble before the October congressional elections, the new President settled down to run the government with a new, informal touch. The hard-faced bodyguards of Vargas days vanished. Spurning the luxurious palace quarters, Café Filho continued to live in his three-bedroom Copacabana apartment. When the usual motorcycle fleet arrived to escort him on his first morning's drive to the palace, he ordered the escort abolished. At least once in the first week he dashed home, stripped off coat and tie, and lunched in comfort with his wife and son Eduardo, 11. He sometimes likes to relax with his collection of stuffed Amazonian birds and beasts, or putter around making coffee in the kitchen (see cut). Said Café Filho: "I see no reason why as President of the republic I should change my lifelong habits of a simple man who always lived among the people."

A Flight to Asylum. Brazil's new president is proud of his long career as a champion of the little man. As an editor-politician from northeast Brazil, Café Filho bucked the old Vargas dictatorship so vigorously that he had to flee to asylum in a Rio embassy. When he returned to Congress after World War II, as floor leader for the Social Progressive Party, he sat at his old desk on the opposition side. But his party bosses, after nominating him for Vice President in 1950, withdrew their own presidential nominee in return for Vargas' support of Café Filho. Thus, Café Filho was swept into office in an administration with which he had little sympathy.

Though barred constitutionally from running for President in 1955, Café Filho well knows that the problems that toppled Getulio Vargas cannot wait until after elections. A moderate conservative and a warm friend of the U.S., he believes that Brazil cannot solve its tangle of economic problems without the help of the country's chief trading partner. Said the President to a *TIME* correspondent last week: "An improvement of Brazilian living standards can only be obtained through the economic development of the country. This development cannot be achieved without a policy of collaboration and exchange with other countries. The U.S. and



Ed Schultz—Mundo—17220
CAFÉ FILHO AT PALACE DESK . . .



WITH STUFFED TOUCAN & CROCODILE . . .



MAKING COFFEE AT HOME
The bodyguards vanished.

Brazil are tied together by mutual interests, of which our countries are becoming more and more aware, and which must be intelligently faced for the benefit of both peoples."

A Glass of Water. Last week President Café Filho went to the Chamber of Deputies to take his formal oath of office. As he stepped into the elaborate, gilded presidential elevator, he halted, and his eyes twinkled behind gold spectacles. "Just one moment, please," he said. "I must have a glass of water. I cannot go to Congress for the first time as President and start asking for water right off the bat. They'll think I shall never stop asking for things."

Moments later, President Café Filho made his first request of Congress—for "a few days to learn the new ropes of governing." This week he will hold his first Cabinet meeting to plan the recovery of troubled Brazil.

CANADA

Bonus Dollar

The Canadian dollar is riding high again. Up from its spring and early-summer range of 101 to 102 U.S. cents, it was trading last week for about 103 U.S. cents. Main cause of the upturn: continuing flow of U.S. investments, including huge purchases of Canadian securities by newly formed investment trusts, just at the time when the annual rush of U.S. summer tourists was reaching its peak.

Although Canadians could take pride in the strength of their currency, their satisfaction was not shared by exporters of such products as newsprint and wheat, whose prices are usually set in terms of U.S. currency, or by the government, which would prefer to see the dollar hold steady at about par with the U.S. dollar. In an effort to flatten out the daily fluctuations of the dollar, the Bank of Canada bought \$70 million in U.S. funds during June and July, but the effort was not enough to prevent an overall rise. Said a Bank of Canada official: "Since June the American dollar has gone down about one cent, vis-à-vis the Canadian dollar . . . If we had wanted to, we could have prevented this, but we would have had to spend much more than \$70 million."

How to Live with the Reds

Faced by the difficult and dangerous decisions of the cold war, some of the Western world's statesmen—notably Prime Minister Winston Churchill—have spoken wishfully on occasion of the possibility of peaceful coexistence with the Communists. Canada's External Affairs Chief Lester B. Pearson has often veered off in the same direction. But as his nation's chief delegate to the Geneva conference he has had a bellyful of Communist negotiators. Last week he took a realistic



TIRE COSTS CUT 32%—that was the experience with nylon cords of Rocky Mountain Service, truckers, St. George, Utah. Nylon cord tire (left) ran 297,000 miles, reports company president Norman Gulder, has just had fourth recap. Ordinary tire (right) gave only 151,000 miles.

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look at the problems of sharing a planet with the Reds; in a speech at a meeting of Canadian mayors in Windsor, he said:

"A strange new word has lately been insistently and cleverly pushed by the Communists—'coexistence' . . . [It] has acquired a special and narrow significance . . . It has become a promise by the men in the Kremlin that their world, their system can live, and desires to live, peacefully and amicably with ours . . ."

From Coexistence to Nonexistence. "A first point to notice about this question of coexistence is that we have, in fact, been coexisting with Communism for the past 35 years. But another and more significant point is that a good many countries, such as the Baltic States, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania . . . which coexisted with the U.S.S.R. for some years, now have ceased to exist at all as free nations. Coexistence is no problem for them. It has become the coexistence of Jonah and the whale that swallowed him . . ."

"The moral of this is plain that adequate defensive strength and eternal vigilance is the price to be paid for coexistence . . . There is, I think, because of our growing collective strength, less danger at this time of a deliberate frontal aggression than two years ago. The Soviet leaders are realists. They know that such an attack would be met by . . . atomic retaliation from the U.S., which would leave their great cities in ruins . . ."

Conditions of Survival. "We of the free world should avoid panic and provocation . . . We should be 'trigger-ready' without being 'trigger-happy' . . . The kind of coexistence with Communism which I have been describing is not, of course, 'peaceful,' in the sense that it is founded on friendship and cooperation. It is hardly more than mutual toleration . . ."

"As I see it, the answer to the question whether coexistence with Communism is possible lies basically in recognition of the simple fact that we have to share a planet, not with abstractions, but with fellow human beings, who have now learned the secret of destroying life itself on that planet. The real question, in fact, is not whether we can 'coexist' but whether we can prevent the unspeakable catastrophe of atomic war, and ultimately find ways not merely of coexisting, but of cooperating with the peoples of Russia and China without at the same time betraying our own principles, weakening our values, or sacrificing our security."

Silver-Lined Clouds

It was wheat-harvesting time on the Canadian prairies last week, but in many a field the wheat was dull brown instead of the normal harvest yellow. Fostered by cloudy, wet weather, an epidemic of rust fungus had ravaged Canada's wheat crop. Between the grain rust and bad weather, the 1954 harvest has shrunk to an estimated 370 million bushels—36% below 1953 and 44% below 1952.

Although the blighted harvest will hurt many farmers severely, it will also help to relieve a nagging national problem. Bumper crops in 1951-53 crammed Cana-



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dian grain elevators with unsold wheat. The poor 1954 crop will help reduce the huge surplus. And, since the same nasty weather that plagued Canada all summer also prevailed in Western Europe, prospects are that Canada will be able to boost its wheat exports to Europe this year.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC Who's on Second?

In all the Era of Trujillo as Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo calls his 24-year tyranny over the Dominican Republic, no chum has been closer, no tool more useful than Secretary of State Without Portfolio Anselmo Paulino Alvarez. Whenever islanders talk of the terroristic *carro de la muerte* (death car) that disposed of the regime's earlier enemies, or the later massacre of 15,000 immigrant Haitian sugar-cane cutters, Paulino's name comes up. In payment for such chores Trujillo let Paulino wrap his blimp-like belly in the uniform of an honorary major general and play the role of Despot No. 2. Inevitably, No. 2 got to thinking of himself as a likely successor. But that was not to be. Last week Anselmo Paulino was a broken man, stripped of his influential office and his beloved uniform, out of power and under arrest.

The brusque official decrees that cut Paulino down were shock enough for the readers of Trujillo's house-organ daily, *El Caribe*, which always before had only lavish praise (Paulino had been the paper's publisher). Going on from there in editorials *El Caribe* gave some details on just how the "truculent, ambitious and aggressive ex-functionary," the "bad collaborator of the Chief," had come to grief.

While the boss was in Spain on a recent state visit, it appeared, Paulino had undertaken to further his ambitions by "sowing discord" to "divide and conquer" the armed forces. Item: Paulino humiliated a Trujillo favorite, Rear Admiral Lajaro Burgos, "calling him by the name of Napoleon, and not by his own true name." Explained *El Caribe*: "Assuming that Communism works by fomenting hate, stimulating the instincts of revenge and of conflict between individuals . . . it has to be said that the policies to which Señor Anselmo Paulino Alvarez has been so boldly and poisonously dedicating himself are policies of the Communist type."

But Admiral Lajaro Burgos foiled Paulino by flying off to Spain and tattling to the dictator. On Trujillo's return, *El Caribe* concluded lyrically, "the sword of the Biblical angel flashed over the stupid head [of Paulino], casting him out of paradise and into reproach."

Trujillo has chastised Paulino before; in 1950 when the Organization of American States accused Paulino of plotting to assassinate Paul Magloire (now President of Haiti) on behalf of Trujillo, the boss was forced to send him to the doghouse for a while. But careful students of Trujillo's methods think that charging Paulino with Communist policies means he is out for good.

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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Following the 17-day meeting of the World Council of Churches in Illinois (see RELIGION), **Dr. Geoffrey Fisher**, Archbishop of Canterbury, took a quick trip north into Canada. Asked at Calgary, Alberta, why he was making the trip, he replied with a twinkle: "If the Bishop is listening, I came to visit the Diocese of Western Canada. If he's not listening, I came to see the Rockies."

To Evangelist **Billy Graham**, who was conducting a revival meeting in Nashville, came an urgent invitation from the Ministerial Alliance of Phenix City, Ala. Would Preacher Graham bring his crusade to Phenix City for a "sin-killing, old-time revival, reaching into every soul?" This, to many, was just what the doctor ordered, since Phenix City, once known as Sodom, was in the midst of a political upheaval following the murder of a candidate for attorney general and the revelation of a pack of other high crimes (TIME, June 28). But before Graham could reply, the answer came from a different quarter. Announced Major General Walter J. Hanna who with his National Guardsmen is running the city under martial law: the invitation was "foolhardy"; Billy's appearance would create a police and traffic problem in a city where an impossible one already exists.

To the tabloid admirers of her marriage to **Winthrop Rockefeller**, nothing became **Bobo Rockefeller** like the leaving of it—with a settlement of \$8,500,000 (TIME, Aug. 16). Since then reporters have watched her like the Hope Diamond, last week asked the inevitable question after she entertained 34-year-old **Charles W. Mapes Jr.**, a Nevada hotelman, in her



GRAHAM GREENE & NEWSMEN (IN HAVANA HOTEL LOBBY)
At the heart of the matter: Carry Nation

15-room Park Avenue duplex. Bobo and Charles laughed good-naturedly and sort of denied everything before driving off together. Checking their files, the tabloids were comforted to find that Charles Mapes Jr. was not just a nobody; not only does he have his own million or so, but he is one of the fellows who used to date **Shirley Temple**.

British Novelist **Graham (The Third Man) Greene**, who is something of an internationalist Carry Nation out to smash the U.S.'s McCarran Act, stepped off a plane at San Juan airport, Puerto Rico and snapped a sharp yes when immigration officials asked the routine "have-you-ever-been-a-Communist?" question. Greene, who was en route to London from a vacation in Haiti, was politely detained overnight, next morning took off for Havana for a few days' nightclubbing and the chance to bemuse reporters with his story. The heart of the matter, explained famed

Roman Catholic Convert **Greene**: 31 years ago, at 10, he and a friend decided, for a joke, to take control of the "Oxford branch" of the party. They joined but soon were found out and ousted. "They couldn't have picked on a person who is less a Communist," he said of his Puerto Rico detention. "It's all very silly."

From Hearst Columnist **Elsa Maxwell**, the rich man's Boswell, came breathless reports of voyagers at sea in international society. Cruising aboard a rented yacht for a month's relaxation were U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's **Winthrop Aldrich** ("a nice man in spite of being ambassador") and his wife **Harriet**. They were among the 60-odd who joined Shipping Tycoon **Aristotle Socrates Onassis** for a drink on his yacht, "a small ocean liner . . . a swimming pool that turns into playing fountains and then—into a dance floor."

Still officially grounded by CAA for impetuously buzzing the control tower at Teterboro Airport, N.J. last January, Radio-TV Favorite **Arthur Godfrey** nonetheless stepped up before the National Aviation Trades Association meeting at Virginia Beach to accept a diamond-studded silver punch bowl as a token of his contribution toward popularizing aviation. Humbly, he apologized for "getting into a little trouble with the CAA," then beat CAA to the punch by announcing that, come Sept. 16, Pilot Godfrey, who has passed a new physical exam, will have CAA's O.K. to fly again.

Taking time out from his business with the Writers' International Congress, Author **William (A Fable) Faulkner** decided to sightsee among the well-known Brazilian tourist spots, ended up in the São Paulo snake farm with a full-grown snake coiled around his neck. Calm in the knowledge that, as he has written, "man and his folly . . . will prevail," the Mississippi philosopher declared: "I'm not



BOBO ROCKEFELLER & HOTELMAN MAPES
In the old days, Shirley Temple.



C. A. ("Chili") Holaday—Navy Pilot World War II, civic leader, successful business man, BBA U. of Texas 1937. Active in local Red Cross, Community Chest, Chamber of Commerce, aviation circles, Texas U. Alumni, Vice-President and charter member of local chapter Nat'l Ass'n of Cost Accountants. Helped promote San Antonio International Airport and other state-sponsored projects. Officer Texas Cavaliers and USAFR.

The Freight He Flies is Figures!



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afraid of snakes. Man is man's most dangerous enemy." Then back to its keeper he handed the snake, which—on close inspection—turned out to be a thoroughly harmless South American species of coral snake.

In Venice, where the world's top movie makers met for the 15th International Film Festival, Italy's **Gina Lollobrigida** chatted gaily with friends and admirers as she arrived for a showing of her newest film, *Woman of Rome*. She was dressed to show that, with her, first things come first: her silver evening gown had a deep V neck; a fluffy white-fox fur lightly covered her bare shoulders. When the picture was over, nearly every-



GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA
First things first.

one had to admit that it was pretty mediocre, but that Gina, in the part of a tough prostitute, had made mediocrity earthily interesting.

The letters columns of London's Sunday *Times*, traditional forum for readers who want to chatter about everything from EDC to lawn grubs, were pulsating with a lively controversy. The question: What is the most perfect line of poetry in the English language? Some of the entries: "The uncertain glory of an April day" (*William Shakespeare*). "If Winter Comes, can Spring be far behind?" (*Percy Bysshe Shelley*). "Dawn skims the sea with flying feet of gold" (*Algernon Swinburne*). "The moan of doves in immemorial elms" (*Alfred Lord Tennyson*). And finally, the suggestion of a reader named W. A. Ingram, who submitted: "As in old wine lies summer half asleep." The author, revealed Reader Ingram, was something less than immortal; he was an **Unidentified American** friend who penned the lines during an argument on "the merits of adapting poetry to commercial uses."



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VINCE LYONS picks up his new tractor. Ford Truck Salesman Don Bell tells him the truck has had a complete check-up and is raring to go.

170 Horsepower Honeymoon!



"It was love at first sight," says Vince as he tries out seat in his new Ford DRIVERIZED Cab. Seat has Ford's exclusive seat shock snubbers, non-sag springs and adjustable seat back. Vince figures foam-rubber cushions and other deluxe options were well worth extra cost.

Vince Lyons had rolled up over a million truck miles. But all this experience didn't keep him from getting one of the biggest thrills of his life in piloting a new Ford C-900 truck from Milwaukee to Boston.

● He was as tickled as a boy with his first bicycle. For Vince Lyons of Milwaukee was making a maiden voyage with his brand-new Ford C-900 Cab Forward truck.

It was a voyage of discovery, too. Not a discovery of new roads or new places, but of money-saving economies in a Ford Truck that Vince Lyons had not fully realized before.

The getaway power and gas savings of a modern 170-horsepower Low-Friction Ford V-8 engine.

Less driving fatigue in Ford's DRIVERIZED Cab offering more all-around visibility, greater seat comfort and easier handling than any other Cab Forward truck.

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Discover these money-saving qualities for yourself, in a Ford Triple Economy Truck. See your Ford Dealer now!



"Handles as easy as my wife's Ford car," says Vince as he maneuvers up to platform. Short Cab Forward wheelbase facilitates truck handling in close quarters.



"It's a greenhouse on wheels." Big one-piece curved windshield and 4-ft.-wide rear window, help reduce blind spots, cut fatigue for safer driving.



"When I say 'scat,' my Ford really scats." Approaching Chicago, Vince thrills at ability of his new 170-h.p. Ford Low-Friction V-8 to keep up with fast traffic.



"I saved time in every town." Vince is ahead of schedule at Cleveland. Two-speed axle made it easy to keep revs up for more lugging power, faster getaway.



"My Ford had an admiring audience." Margaret Evans, for instance, who served him at a diner in Black Oak, Indiana. Truck drivers watched progress, too.



"I got up Jacob's Ladder without going below third." Lebanon Mountains of New York provided toughest test. "My Ford V-8 had power to spare."



"First one in at Boston." Tim Kearney, Spector Terminal Manager, congratulates Lyons. Payload of 35,554 lbs. of floor wax, flower vases and garage floor jacks is delivered ahead of schedule.



"Gas stops were few and far between." Vince thinks that his 4.5 miles per gallon was good for run involved. Says his C-900 can handle 2 tons more payload than diesels of same rating.



"My wife thinks it's a honey." Mrs. Lyons not only liked the looks of the new Ford C-900 when she saw it on Vince's return to Milwaukee, she thought Vince was less tired than usual.



End of a perfect trip. New 170-horsepower Ford Truck gets Vince back to garage first, but he doesn't wait for the other drivers to pull in. He heads for home where he will use time saved to relax and get himself sharp and fit for the next trip with his new Ford Cab Forward truck.



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LOOK around you at the men you know who get the most out of a working day. Chances are you'll find them using telegrams—for everything from scheduling an appointment to closing a deal, from making a hotel reservation to submitting a bid.

Time is a one-way commodity—and a precious one. You can't buy it or rent it or manufacture it. All you can do is use it, as productively as possible.

Helping you do that is Western Union's job. Speed is a

telegram's stock in trade—a transit speed measured in minutes, speed in getting attention, speed in getting action, speed in getting results.

*when it means business
it's wise
to wire*

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LET A TRAINED WESTERN UNION REPRESENTATIVE SHOW YOU ALL THE WAYS TELEGRAMS CAN SAVE YOU TIME—AND MORE THAN TIME. JUST CALL YOUR WESTERN UNION OFFICE.

SPORT

Scoreboard

At home in the Polo Grounds, the New York Giants took off on Dodger pitching, took two games of a three-game series with their arch rivals. All but clinched the National League pennant, and brushed Brooklyn back into a second-place scramble with the Milwaukee Braves. In the Yankee Stadium, the World Champions took two out of three from the league-leading Indians to stay within a long reach of their sixth pennant in a row. But time was running out. Cleveland moved into Baltimore for Labor Day, 4½ games in front.

¶ The California and Illinois racing commissions indefinitely suspended affable Andy Crevelin, owner of Kentucky Derby Winner Determine, from their tracks. Reason: a careless admission to the press that his horses were often raced for experience, not to win (TIME, Sept. 6).

¶ At Dayton, just 3 hr., 1 min., 56 sec. after he left Edwards Air Force Base, Calif., Captain Edward W. Kenny, U.S.A.F., eased his swept-wing Republic Thunderstreak (F-84F) to a landing and won the 17th Bendix Trophy Race. Kenny, who broke his back in a World War II landing, screamed over the 1,000-mile course at a record-breaking average speed of 616.208 m.p.h. Previous record: 603.547, set last year by Major William T. Whisner Jr. in an F-86 Sabre jet.

¶ At New York's Aqueduct Race Track, gentlemanly Jockey Ted Atkinson, 38, a studious and mild-mannered master of the art of hooting home winners, won his 3,000th horse race and became the fourth jockey in history to achieve that record (others: Johnny Longden, Eddie Arcaro and Britain's Sir Gordon Richards).

¶ In Tampa, at the University of Tampa's opening football practice of the season, Freshman Tackle Jarvis Midgett Jr. took an awkward tumble, lost consciousness and died of a brain injury a few hours later—the first football fatality of 1954.

The Horse Professor

Ordinarily, the dapper little man in the paddock only had sour scorn for hunch players. But hunch shook him hard that afternoon in Chicago when a horse pulled up in the walking ring and looked him square in the face. "If ever a horse told anyone he was going to win, that horse told me," says Handicapper Hugh Matheson. "I went over and got a bet down on his nose. When I told my wife, she was furious. 'That goat,' she exploded. 'That goat is 80 to 1!'"

The goat, of course, was none (otherwise the story would never be told). Even so, says Matheson, no good horse player ever counts on luck. Nor does he listen to his wife. Matheson should know. He spends most of his time traveling about the U.S., lecturing (at \$35 per course per student) to would-be horse players on how to win at the races.

This week, with racing at Aqueduct

under way, Horse Professor Matheson moved into New York for the fall term, got set to give his usual monthly series of lectures between trips to the track. Average enrollment: 65. "This is the best racing in the world," said Matheson, as he looked at the stone spires of Manhattan. "The town is full of horse players."

You Need Sense. The one and only way to beat the game, says the professor, is to learn how to decipher the fine type in the form charts. From these cryptic figures the patient handicapper may judge a thoroughbred's breeding, consistency and condition, its ability to carry the assigned weight, the skill of the jockey and the ability of the trainer. Then he must learn how to check his judgment in the paddock. Does his horse look nervous?



HANDICAPPER MATHESON AT AQUEDUCT

Does the horse have a headache? Is he nervous? Is he a pig?

Does he have a headache? Does he seem anxious to run? Matheson, says Matheson, can teach the student how to tell.

In the classroom Matheson usually throws in a supply of good, sound horse sense: never bet on anything unless the odds are at least 5 to 2; stay away from the Daily Double ("the Daily Double is loaded with pigs"); wait until the second half of the afternoon's card, when the races include tested and proven animals; keep away from two-year-olds ("no one knows what they can do"); The battle may not always be to the strong, or the race to the swift—but that's the way to bet. "Be satisfied if you find as many as three bets a week," says Matheson. "And if you hit a couple of winners, make sure that you spend at least half of your take away from the track. Let's get some of this money out of the vicious circle of betting."

You Need Love. One essential that Matheson confesses he cannot transmit to a pupil: the love of racing. A man has to be interested in animals as well as mathe-

matics before he can decide what a given horse can do. Matheson himself got the bug early. At twelve he rode his grandfather's horses on scrubby "bull rings" (half-mile tracks) in Idaho and Utah. After the University of Utah and stints as a miner, a newsman and a Hollywood writer, Matheson tried a comeback as a professional rider in World War II (he was a 98-lb., 4-F). At 41 he went down to Mexico to break in. "My God," said the first track manager he talked to. "If you rode in a race, those guys would kill you." He went back to Chicago to try out as an exercise boy, on two successive mornings got up for dawn workouts only to find that it was snowing. He "stood in bed" and turned instead to handicapping for the *Racing Form*.

In 1945 Matheson was the most successful handicapper in the country: a two-dollar ticket on each of his "best bets"

(his top choice at every track on every day of racing) would have earned a grand total of \$44.10 by year's end. The sum looked hardly impressive, but it was better than any other handicapper's record. It convinced Matheson that if a man invested in only the best of the Matheson "best bets," he might earn a living.

Today, Hugh Matheson is a happy man. Between his race bets and his classes which he handles with the silky self-assurance of a side-show Barker, he makes a nice living doing what he likes most to do. He is not even bothered by the inevitable wise guy who asks him why he needs to teach if he can really run up big profits at the track. "This is just an excuse to get horse players together so I can sell the idea of a U.S. Sweepstakes," says the professor glibly. "A sweepstakes is just what this country needs. It would reduce the national debt." And it doesn't take a graduate from Horse Professor Matheson's classes to know what a reduction of the national debt would mean for taxpayers—more money to play the ponies.

THE PRESS

Alicia in Wonderland

[See Cover]

The Chicago *Tribune's* Robert Rutherford ("Bert") McCormick called her "the tallest woman publisher this country has ever had." She won the Pulitzer Prize for stories that sent a racketeering labor leader to jail and helped to force a Republican national committeeman's resignation. She thinks the *New York Times* is the greatest paper in the world, but resents "trying to find a good murder buried on page 47."

She is Alicia Patterson, 47, editor and publisher of Long Island's tabloid, *Newsday* (circ. 209,677), the fastest-growing and the most profitable big daily paper started in the U.S. in the last 10 years. A child of the famed Patterson-McCormick publishing dynasty, she is, nevertheless, cut from different cloth than her late, copper-haired, copper-tongued aunt, Cissy Patterson, who, as boss of the Washington *Times-Herald*, once confessed: "The trouble with me is that I am a vindictive old shanty-Irish bitch."

She practices the same brand of personal journalism that her irascible and admiring cousin Bert carries to an extreme, although she disagrees with him on almost every political issue. Most important of all, she has a touch of the journalistic genius of her late father, Captain Joseph Medill Patterson, the nonconformist millionaire, who founded the *New York Daily News*, made it the biggest and one of the best-edited papers in the U.S., and became the father of tabloid journalism in America.

The New Journalism. In creating her own highly successful *Newsday*, Alicia Patterson has also created a new form of U.S. journalism. It is as perfectly in step with the new trend in American life—the flight to the suburbs—as tabloids were to the jazz-happy '20s. When she launched *Newsday* on alligator-shaped Long Island in 1940, Publisher Patterson set out to violate every canon of sedate, well-mannered and deadly dull suburban journalism. Instead of leading her paper with name-dropping personal columns, handouts, accounts of tea parties and bake sales and local news that would offend no one, *Newsday* ran sprightly and irreverent stories, headlined everything from PROTECTED GAMBLING IN SUFFOLK COUNTY TO SOCIALITE TOSSED INTO CELL.

The paper covered community news with all the curiosity, but none of the taboos, of small-town dailies. It also covered national and international news, but never let its readers forget what part their own neighbors were playing in it. The

local angle was stretched to cover the world. When Andrei Vishinsky, who lived in Glen Cove with other members of the Russian U.N. delegation, left New York on the same ship with Long Island's Episcopalian bishop, *Newsday* jauntily captioned its pictures: "Two Long Islanders Leave for Europe."

Newsday looks like no other U.S. daily. It has only three columns instead of the usual five-column tabloid format, and the first and last pages have only two wide columns, usually filled with national and international news. ("We try to make it read as easily as a magazine," says Alicia.) In between is a whopping filling of local news, features, comics, first-rate picture spreads, and page after page of solid advertisements. Its 68-to-128 page issues

in vast 40-50 room homes hidden on 500-acre estates dotted with polo fields, stables and swimming pools. And to many an inhabitant of the sleepy hamlets, Manhattan was as far away as the moon—and visited about as often.

But with World War II, heavy taxes and housing shortages, Long Island was transformed. Many of the big estates were broken up, given away to charitable institutions, or sold for taxes. (The Russians picked up George Dupont Pratt's manor house for about \$120,000 for their U.S. staff.) Light manufacturing companies and airplane plants (e.g., Grumman and Republic spread over the potato fields and turned out plastics, electronic devices, and some of the world's best warplanes).

Housing developments such as Levittown sprang up so fast that local census takers lost count. In the last five years alone, 4,000 new businesses have been

started, 150,000 new houses built. Along the Atlantic Ocean shore, Jones Beach, probably the finest public beach in the world, became the bath club of millions of New Yorkers. In Long Island Sound the great yachts gave way to swarms of small boats, clustering about famed Manhasset and Seawanhaka yacht clubs. In a desolate area of scrub pine in the middle of the island, the Government opened an atomic laboratory, Brookhaven.

The old still rubs shoulders with the new. At Southampton the great houses of Henry Ford II, National Steel's Ernest Weir, Henry F. du Pont, line the dunes only four miles from a reservation for the Shinnecock Indians. And at night the lights of motorists sometimes flash on startled deer. But the wilds of Long Island are fast becoming civilized. While 70,650 commute in and out of New York every day, the island no longer regards itself merely as Manhattan's bedroom. Only one-third of the working inhabitants commute, v. about two-thirds before the war. Long Island is now a living room; the majority of its inhabitants work there, shop there and play there—and have cut their ties to New York, which *Newsday* once suggested should be turned into a "bird sanctuary." Thus they look to a local paper for their news. They find it in their own big-city daily—*Newsday*.

Voice of the Drone. Alicia Patterson would never have started *Newsday* if she had listened to her father's advice. In 1939, when she told him she wanted to start her own daily, he told her flatly that Long Island would "never take a tabloid." But Captain Patterson reckoned without the independent ways and newspapering flair that he himself had instilled in his daughter. She was born and lived amidst a family turmoil and intellectual ferment that never subsided. In 1906, the year

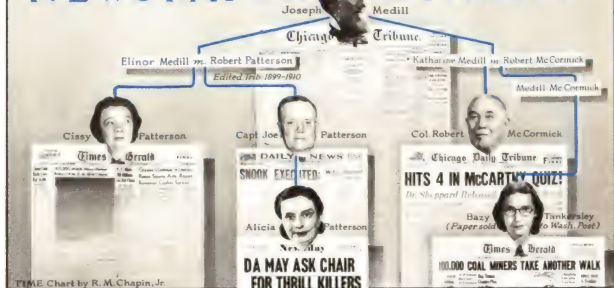


CAPTAIN PATTERSON & DAUGHTER (1939)
For the flight to the suburbs, a new kind of journalism.

carry more advertising linage than any other New York daily. Long Island housewives must have it to shop, just as their husbands must read it for news and gossip of county government in their own backyard. To many Long Islanders it is almost as indispensable as their commutation tickets or their cars. Says Alicia: "We're a big-city paper that just happens to be published in the suburbs."

The New Long Island. The tradition-shattering *Newsday* is perfectly suited to the Alice-in-Wonderland change that has transformed Long Island since *Newsday* started. Rarely has the flight to suburbia been greater. A 120-mile-long island with an old tradition, where many descendants of the original settlers in 1650 still live on their pioneering ancestors' farms, it once took pride largely in its fine potatoes, seafood, and the ducks it raised. Its North Shore was the rustic playground of America's wealthy, e.g., the Vanderbilts, Morgans, Whitneys and Roosevelts, who lived

NEWSPAPER DYNASTY



Alicia was born, her father, who had been working as a reporter on his family's Chicago Tribune, announced that he was a drone and had been converted to socialism ("I have an income of between \$10,000 and \$20,000 a year. I produce nothing—I am doing no work"). He had already decided that the Trib was no place for him, and for several years refused to work for the paper. On his 300-acre Libertyville (Ill.) estate, he affected shabbiness, wrote "proletarian" plays and socialist tracts. But he concentrated on raising his daughter Alicia in just the way he would have liked to raise the son he did not have.

When Alicia was four, he shipped her off to Berlin to live with a German family and learn their language. She learned it so well that when he went to retrieve her she could no longer speak English. For a governess she had a Christian Scientist, who taught Alicia to ignore pain. Alicia was started on tough, character-building exercises. She was forced to climb up to a 12-ft. diving board at the family swimming pool, stay there until she got up her nerve to dive off. Then her father made her dive over and over again. "to see what stuff she was made of."

Keep Her Moving. Alicia rode the countryside in her pony cart, played such tomboy tricks as tossing rotten apples at passing cars and leaving dead cats on swank doorsteps. When her father sent her away to be educated, she was expelled from two of the world's fanciest finishing schools: 1) Maryland's St. Timothy's, for "general obstreperousness" and reading after hours "unauthorized books" that her father had sent her; 2) Rome's Miss Risser's, for borrowing the headmistress' car and chauffeur.

More proud than angry at this show of fiery family spirit, Captain Patterson kept her in Europe with her mother, younger

sister Josephine and a tutor. Alicia slipped the leash, dressed up in her mother's clothes to keep a date with a handsome young Italian. In despair her mother cabled Chicago, received a simple reply from Captain Joe: KEEP ALICIA MOVING.

In the following years she rarely moved any place without her father. Although Captain Patterson was busy editing the Trib and making plans for the News, he taught her to ride and shoot. "But the best thing about him," says Alicia, "was his wonderful curiosity and interest. He taught me to see things and to be curious." In place of college he loaded her with books, often asked her at dinner about Gibbon, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky and Thackeray. Instead of settling graciously into Chicago high society after her coming-out party in 1925, she followed him to New York City, where he had launched



"Miss P." & EDITOR HATHWAY
Sin in the choir loft.

the tabloid Daily News six years earlier.

She took up flying with him, received her pilot's license the same day he did. She got a job on his paper as a reporter. On one of her first assignments she was sent out to interview the wife of the "most henpecked man in New York," was tossed down a flight of tenement stairs by a burly housewife who fitted the description. When she mixed up the names in a divorce case and the paper lost a libel suit, Alicia quit the paper. She joined the staff of Liberty (also owned by her family), changed her name to Agnes Homberg, went to work as a store detective, magazine salesman and cashier, so that she could gather material for articles on "How to Get a Job Without Experience."

Her Father's Choice. Though she worked at learning journalism, she disappointed her father; he did not think she had a real flair for newspapering. He gave her a job reviewing books at \$20 a week. But her restless, roving curiosity kept her trying new things. She racked up a series of women's flying records, went wild-boar hunting in India, fished for salmon in Norway, rode to hounds with some of the best English packs, tracked wild game in Indo-China. After every adventure she returned to her father's side, where she could not help being fascinated by his curiosity and inspired by his energy.

Captain Patterson also decided when she should marry. With typical strong-mindedness he virtually picked her husband, James Simpson Jr., now a director of Chicago's Marshall Field & Co. She agreed to stay married at least a year. When the year was up, she invited some friends to her home, but when the guests arrived a servant told them: "Mrs. Simpson has left." Later, they found she had left for good.

In 1931 she married another man of her

"I'm a Manger Man"



"I always stay at a Manger Hotel"

SAYS

MR. A. B. POE

Director of Advertising
Instrument Division
Thomas A. Edison, Inc.

"I've learned that Manger Hotels consistently give more comfort and convenience for our money"

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The VANDERBILT
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The MANGER

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The ROCHESTER

GRAND RAPIDS

The ROWE

SAVANNAH

The SAVANNAH



NEW FAMILY PLAN

NOW! No room charge for children under 14 when accompanied by parents, except in N.Y.C.



THE GUGGENHEIMS AT HOME IN SANDS POINT
Lindbergh brought his own cot.

father's choice, popular Joseph W. Brooks, flyer, All-America football player (Colgate, 1900-11) and a captain in World War I's famed Rainbow Division. The marriage lasted only eight years, possibly, friends say, because even in his happiest days Alicia was still closer to her father than to her husband. Wherever he went—to visit Britain's Lord Beaverbrook, to roam New York's subways or to inspect the drought areas of the Southwest—she went along. Childless, and with little to occupy her but New York's fast social life, she regularly did the rounds of raucous nightclubs and the more discreet Park Avenue and Long Island parties.

At several parties she met Harry Frank Guggenheim, former ambassador to Cuba, mining and minerals heir and head of two of his family's multi-million-dollar foundations. Although her father had still not forgiven her for divorcing Brooks, and had no affection for Harry Guggenheim, she married him nonetheless in 1930. He found a remedy for his wife's restlessness right away. "Everybody," said Harry Guggenheim, "ought to have a job. People who make a business of pleasure are seldom happy." A year after they were married, he set his words into action by putting up about \$70,000 to start *Newsday* on Long Island, an area whose potential growth he had measured through an elaborate survey. "I've always had a passion to own a newspaper," says Publisher Patterson gratefully. "Harry pushed me into it."

No Comics. Her father refused to help her with the new paper. When she asked him for the right to use such famed *Yankee* comic strips as *Dick Tracy* and *Little Orphan Annie*, he answered: "If you think you're going to get our comic strips for use within our circulation area, you're crazy." In a drafty Hempstead garage she set up shop, using an old press and six

Linotype machines bought for \$50,000 from a defunct daily. As her first issue of 15,000 papers rolled off the press, a staffer came up to his ink-smudged boss and said that the paper looked "pretty good." With a dissatisfaction that has always driven her to do better, Publisher Patterson answered: "I'm afraid it looks like hell."

She began working round the clock to make it look better. Publisher Patterson felt sure that Long Islanders would take to her tabloid because they were, in the main, transplanted New Yorkers who had made her father's paper the most successful daily in the U.S. Crimped by wartime newsprint shortages, she tossed out advertising so that she could use scarce newsprint to circulate more copies of her paper. Under Managing Editor Alan Hathway, 48, a balding former *News* staffer with a police reporter's instincts, *Newsday* kept attracting new readers with breezy, irreverent, tabloid-style stories. "There's just as much sin in a choir loft as in a nightclub," says Hathway, "and we went out to find it." Although Publisher Patterson never expected *Newsday* to climb above 30,000, within two years it had passed its only competitor, the Nassau daily *Review-Star*, which for 20 years had a virtual monopoly in the western part of Long Island. (Last year *Newsday* put the *Review-Star* out of business entirely.) Before *Newsday* turned into the black in 1947, it had taken about \$750,000 of Harry Guggenheim's money.

Editorial Crisscross. *Newsday's* plain-spoken editorials are as lively as its news coverage. Although the paper has supported every Republican presidential candidate since 1944, it fights more than helps the solidly entrenched, autocratic local Republican machine. Republican Congressman W. Kingsland Macy was elected by a huge 49,385 margin in 1948. But after he had a falling-out with New



SCENERY UNLIMITED The Northern Pacific Railway traverses some of the finest scenery in America. And passengers on its North Coast Limited, famous streamliner which operates between Chicago and the North Pacific Coast, are being given an extraordinary opportunity to see and enjoy it.

Now, the North Coast Limited features Budd stainless steel Vista-Dome cars. They let you see ahead, both sides, behind and above you, as you seem to glide past towering mountains, through evergreen forests, along rushing rivers.

Nearly a hundred of these Budd-built dome cars are now in service on United States railroads.

They are symbolic of the imagination and investment railroads are devoting to make your journey by rail safe, convenient and enjoyable. And they are also symbolic of the contributions Budd brings to the field of transportation.

The Budd Company, Philadelphia, Detroit, Gary.

Automobile and Truck Bodies and Wheels, Railway Passenger Cars

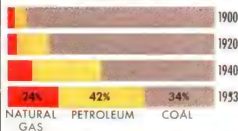
Budd

PIONEERS IN BETTER TRANSPORTATION



50-YEAR TREND IN U.S. RELATIVE USE OF MINERAL FUELS

Source, U.S. Bureau of Mines



The use of natural gas is increasing at a faster rate than any other primary source of energy.

TENNESSEE GAS



TRANSMISSION
COMPANY
HOUSTON, TEXAS

AMERICA'S LEADING TRANSPORTER OF NATURAL GAS



the pipeline that runs back 3 thousand years

Primitive men warmed themselves by a mysterious blue flame . . . natural gas! Later, the Chinese piped it through frail bamboo tubes.

Today, that same hot, clean-burning fuel is transported by Tennessee Gas through a 2200-mile pipeline stretching from the Southwest to the thickly populated industrial East.

America's longest pipeline, this great steel artery "hauls" a billion-and-a-half cubic feet of gas a day! Delivers the world's most efficient fuel to the world's greatest fuel markets . . . people and places that never knew natural gas before.

And does it by the most economical and dependable method of transportation—by pipeline.



Natural gas . . . naturally better
for cooking and heating . . . hotter, cleaner, more efficient.



York's Governor Tom Dewey and *Newsday* went after him for his "dictatorship" and "boss rule," he was defeated next term by a Democrat. (Macy rallied against the "sneering, snarling sheet . . . the dregs of the newspaper profession.")

On national and international affairs *Newsday* smashes every Patterson-McCormick political tradition. On the wall of her office Publisher Patterson keeps Walt Whitman's advice: "Be radical! Be radical! Be not too damn radical!" and the paper follows the dictum. *Newsday* is as liberal and internationalist as the family's Chicago *Tribune* is hidebound and isolationist. When the Chicago *Tribune* and *Daily News* said that 80% of the people in the U.S. were against getting into World War II, *Newsday* howled: "Figures don't lie—but liars sometimes figure." The paper's editorials freely crisscross party lines. During the Truman Administration, *Newsday* attacked the Fair Deal as "too much government." But it has blasted the Eisenhower Congress for "insufficient" social legislation and "restrictive" international trade policies. Although the paper complained that the U.S. did not fight "to win" in Korea, it has come out for recognition of Red China as a "political reality." *Newsday* unalterably opposes Joe McCarthy. "I'm not a radical," says Publisher Patterson. "I'm not a liberal. I'm me."⁶

Biggest Adventure. Alicia lets very little interfere with her work on the paper. "Until she started *Newsday*," says one of her closest friends, "Alicia was floundering from one adventure to the next. There's no doubt now what's the biggest adventure of her life." She still rides (sometimes on one of three horses, named *Newsboy*, *Coppyboy*, *Alicia P.*), shoots, plays tennis and chess ("I like to win").

But these take little of her time. Her real fun is her newspaper.

Every day, in her small office down the hall from the city room, she meets with Editorial Writer Mark Ehrbridge Jr., 30, son of the Louisville *Courier-Journal's* publisher, plans the next day's editorials and maps out the cartoons. No detail in the paper escapes her eye. Her face, which falls into a half-sullen mask in repose, lights up whenever she sees something in the paper that displeases or pleases her. But she is seldom satisfied for long. Barely two months after the paper won its Pulitzer Prize, she chewed out the staff in a memo pointing out that *Newsday* was "in danger of becoming big-shot—the most lathsome of all states of mind." But *Newsday's* top staffers have learned that there is more sound than fury in her occasional outbursts. are not afraid to get into rousing battles with her over issues on which they disagree.

One S.O.B. Her husband, Captain (U.S.N.R.) Harry Guggenheim, 64, still holds 51% of *Newsday's* stock (Publisher Patterson holds the other 49%). By weekly visits to *Newsday's* offices, he keeps tight control over the paper's finances. "Every good organization," says he, "has to have one s.o.b. At *Newsday*, that's me." In the early tug of war between Co-Owner Guggenheim, who wanted the paper to save money, and "Miss P.," who, in the words of one staffer, "would spend every nickel if it meant getting a good story," four general managers fled in haste or were fired. Explains one ex-general manager: "I couldn't stand it. It was like being nibbled to death by ducks."

Once, in the heat of battle between the co-owners, Alicia fixed her husband with a glare and challenged: "You have 51% of the stock. You can fire me any time you want." But now Harry Guggenheim sticks to the balance sheets and lets his wife run the paper. Under her and Managing Editor Hathway, a young (average age: 28), 100-man editorial staff puts out four editions a day, sometimes pock-marked with sloppy writing. New staffers, often with little experience, are dropped into the bustling city room, where they are left to sink or swim. Publisher Patterson tries to

make sure her editors know what she wants. Once when an excited editor, chafing under her prodding, angrily asked just what it was she did want in *Newsday*, she shouted out a half-serious tabloid formula: "Dogs! Cats! Murders!"

Newsday staffers, who have voted against the Newspaper Guild, are paid at about the national guild scale plus a bonus of close to 6% every year. "To prevent office politics," all five of *Newsday's* top executives (Managing Editor Hathway; Ad Manager Ernest Levy, 55; Business Manager Harold Ferguson, 47; Production Manager Allan Woods, 43; Circulation Manager Jack Mullen, 41) get the same salary. Since 85% of its circulation is home-delivered, *Newsday* has one of the largest forces of carrier boys (3,000) in the U.S. The paper paternally treats the most enterprising ones royally to new bikes, merit badges, T-shirts (emblazoned with the gold Pulitzer Prize emblem). On rainy days many a carrier in a well-heeled family enlists the aid of his mother, and as a result, *Newsday* is often delivered in station wagons and Cadillac convertibles. The paper sends some of the boys to summer camp, holds pep rallies where they chant such songs (to the tune of *Southwest Men*) as "*Newsday* is ever The one whose endeavor Will give you the best you can read . . ."

Another World. Outside her office Publisher Patterson shifts effortlessly to another world. In fashionable Sands Point she is Mrs. Guggenheim to the six servants who staff the 30-room Norman chateau. Falaise, overlooking Long Island Sound. Her husband built it as a showplace in 1923, imported bricks from Belgium, hand-carved doors from Italy and Spain, and filled it with a museumlike array of fine statues, paintings, tapestries, chandeliers and silver. Publisher Patterson is too busy for household affairs, lets her secretary and servants manage Falaise. Evenings, she and her husband often entertain such close friends as Broadway Producer George Abbott (who boards her ferocious bull terrier, Butcher Boy, because Harry Guggenheim will not allow him in the house), Lieut. General Jimmy Doolittle, Katharine Cornell and her hus-

⁶ In the middle of the 1952 presidential campaign, although *Newsday* supported Ike, Publisher Patterson threw a large dinner party for her old Chicago friend, Adlai Stevenson. Staunchly Republican Harry Guggenheim, who was unable to attend, wired his wife: "TELL ADLAI HOW SORRY I AM NOT TO BE ABLE TO DINE WITH HIM. I WOULD LIKE TO DINE WITH HIM ANYWHERE—EVEN IN THE WHITE HOUSE IF HE ARE BOTH GUESTS OF IKE."



delicious



delectable



delightful



12 delicious cordials
5 fruit flavored brandies

MADE IN AMERICA

Crème de Menthe
(60 Proof)

ANNO 1695

band Producer Guthrie McClintic, Publisher Bennett Cerf and his wife, Brigadier General Charles A. Lindbergh (who last time brought his own camping cot because he wanted to sleep outdoors), and occasionally, her attractive older sister Elinor, who once played in Max Reinhardt's *The Miracle*. With her guests Publisher Patterson rarely talks about herself, has a reporter's knack of drawing them out with penetrating questions while she stays in the background storing up information.

Every morning at 8 she breakfasts in bed, reads the New York papers before driving her Oldsmobile coupé 15 miles to her *Newsday* office. Winters, the Guggenheims move to their town house on Manhattan's East Side, and Alicia changes her Olds for a chauffeur-driven Cadillac. At least once a year she goes off alone to her six-room Georgia house near the Okefenokee Swamp, where she calmly shoes water moccasins into the water "because they can't bite from there." Every summer Publisher Patterson visits her sister Josephine Patterson Albright³ at her ranch in Dubois, Wyo., largely so that she can be with her sister's two eldest children, Alice, 13, and Joe, 17, who she hopes will run *Newsday* some day.

Next Step? As the brightest star in the Patterson-McCormick publishing galaxy, Alicia Patterson is often the center of widespread newspaper speculation. Does she want one day to take over her father's *News* or her cousin Bert's Chicago *Tribune*? Alicia Patterson answers flatly no. But the question is kept alive by newsmen who feel that Publisher Patterson's touch is what is needed to cure the circulation troubles that both these papers have been having in the past five years (TIME, Feb. 15). However, despite Colonel McCormick's admiration for her, there is little chance that he would ever leave her control of the *Trib*. The best guess is that the Colonel will not leave the paper to any single person but to a committee of trustees composed of his wife Maryland, 57, other members of his family, and some of the paper's highest executives.

As for the *News*, when Alicia's father died in 1946, he mistakenly rated her newspaper ability so low that he virtually froze her out of the paper. Instead of arranging his estate so that she would one day control it, he gave control to a trusteeship of his second wife Mary King, the *News* woman's editor, and to two of the paper's top executives. Alicia was bitterly disappointed not to be given an important voice in the *News* management, was left with less than 3% of the outstanding stock in the Tribune Co. (which owns both papers) and sits quietly on the *News*'s board of directors. But for Publisher Patterson the bitterness of the disappointment has long since been soothed by the success of her own paper, says she: "My father taught me that newspapering is an end in itself. I find *Newsday* a most important and satisfying end."

³ Wife of Chicago Artist Ivan Le Lorraine Albright (TIME, Aug. 9)

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

TIME, SEPTEMBER 13, 1954

Death to Germs

Medical researchers believe they have tracked down the long-sought factor in human blood that gives it a sweeping power to destroy invading germs. Without such built-in protection against infection, man could hardly survive the daily onslaught by billions of microorganisms to which he is exposed. "Something" saves him, but the nature of that something has remained as elusive as the elixir of life.

Dr. Louis Pillemer and a team of researchers at Cleveland's Western Reserve University make no hard claim to have found the final solution to the puzzle. They have isolated, from the blood serum of both man and animals, a protein that destroys bacteria and neutralizes viruses. Because of its powers, they have named it properdin (from the Latin *proderre*, to destroy). While the antibody proteins that the system develops after some diseases or inoculations (e.g., polio, diphtheria) are useful only against the organisms that cause the particular disease, properdin is not choosy: it destroys or neutralizes an extremely wide range of bacteria and viruses. Perhaps equally important in the atomic age, properdin seems to increase the body's resistance to the infections that so often follow overexposure of the body to radiation.

Now that the researchers have the stuff (still only in minute quantities), the question is what they can do with it. At the American Cyanamid Co.'s Lederle Laboratories, processes for extracting properdin in bulk are being perfected. Then medical men will try to find out whether man's natural immunity to all infectious disease, or to an immediately threatening attack, can be boosted by shooting more properdin into his veins.

Help from Animal Cells?

The way Dr. Paul Niehans, a stony-faced, ramrod-straight Swiss physician told it, his theory and practice of "cellular therapy" sounded plausible enough. Thirty years ago he had begun transplanting parts of animals (glands, and organs such as liver and kidneys) into human beings to correct dwarfism, tetany,* and other disorders resulting from underactive glands. But in 1931 he was confronted with a woman dying of tetany and too weak for the operation. So Niehans injected a mass of cells from the parathyroid gland of a freshly slaughtered calf.

"She is still alive today," Niehans last week told a twelve-national conference of physicians at Karlsruhe, Germany. "Since then I have made 5,000 injections. I have found a means to cure those armies of persons bodily and mentally depressed suffering from defective functioning of organs."

This brought orthodox, conservative doctors to the edge of their chairs and

* Muscular spasms, often caused by defective parathyroid glands.



Map Copyright Rand McNally & Company, Chicago

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE. Although industrial activity in the six New England states continues at an unprecedented pace, the six-state region is looking out for her future by inviting even more industry to the area. Credit development corporations, a unique Yankee institution, are doing much to attract new business. The Business Development Company of Rhode Island, for example, now has more than \$1.5 million in risk capital available for development and expansion loans in the Providence area (above) and throughout the state.

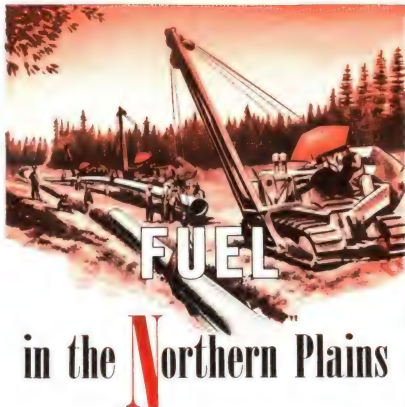


15,000 DOCTORS IN THE HOUSE. Medical facilities usually indicate a region's standard of living. Now a world-famous medical center with 437 hospitals and 15,000 practicing physicians, New England quite naturally enjoys exceptional living standards. With standards so high, there is heavy demand for electrically-operated labor-saving machinery and appliances. South Street Station in Providence (above), one of 36 steam and hydro plants in the New England Electric System, has just undergone a capacity-lifting to boost its output 77,000 additional kilowatts.

New England's industry has the New look. Let us help you in your plans to locate here. Facts on available plants and development potential in thriving New England communities are confidentially yours. Write New England Electric System, Room T, 441 Stuart Street, Boston, Mass.



New England's largest electric system — serving 2,300,000 people in 232 New England communities — and over 3800 industrial and manufacturing firms.



Once considered a valueless by-product of the oil fields, natural gas has become one of the major resources of the Northern Plains.

More than 8,000 miles of Northern Natural Gas Company pipelines . . . enough to reach across the nation from New York to Los Angeles and back again . . . supply 309 communities with the hot breath industry needs for its work.

Performing many of its 21,000 known jobs, natural gas pasteurizes milk, melts pig iron, fires brick and cement in the Northern Plains . . . is even used as a raw material for manufacturing nitrogen fertilizer in a huge Nebraska plant. One of the most adaptable fuels, natural gas can be adjusted to provide

a breath of warmth to dry ink . . . or a blast of heat to process iron ore.

Northern Natural can now supply a billion cubic feet of natural gas daily, enough in a single day to heat the average home for more than 7,000 years. Reserves controlled by Northern Natural now total 9.1 trillion cubic feet, enough to fill a 12-inch pipeline reaching from the earth to the moon more than 8,000 times.

Dependable, economical . . . natural gas is an impelling reason for establishing your industry in the Northern Plains area of Nebraska, Minnesota, Iowa, the Dakotas and western Wisconsin. Important, too, are vast agricultural and water resources . . . iron, gypsum and gold . . . a huge rail, air and water network . . . and a ready supply of intelligent, co-operative workers.

Study the Northern Plains carefully when you consider a new factory or branch. Our Area Development Department can help you. Write Northern Natural Gas Company, Omaha, Nebraska.



These Are the Northern Plains States: MINNESOTA
IOWA • NEBRASKA • THE DAKOTAS • WISCONSIN

Northern
NATURAL GAS

started the hottest argument of a hot week in Karlsruhe. Niehans, whom some of his colleagues called arrogant and authoritarian, laid down strict rules for his method. The younger animal from which glands or cells were taken, the better. This meant using calves, piglets, or other young animals still unborn—taken from dams slaughtered just before they were due to litter. (At one time his patients had to go to slaughterhouses for treatment with fresh tissues, but a Heidelberg chemical company has found a way to preserve the cells in powdered form so that they keep indefinitely.) Niehans insists that his treatment must not be tried in cases of infection or other acute illness, and no other medication whatever must be given for several months after it.

Several doctors who have adopted the Niehans technique, giving injections of embryonic animal cells at costs ranging from \$350 to \$200, supported his claims. But others shook their heads. There are great dangers: allergic reactions, shock, accidental infection with viruses or other microbes. There is a good chance that the "placebo effect" (i.e., mental suggestion) is responsible for improvement in many patients. Others, especially those suffering from a transient form of tetany, get better spontaneously.

Niehans himself admitted: "I can only report what I have seen. Exactly what happens inside the body and the various organs I do not know. But I hope to have the solution one day."

Capsules

Gamma globulin has edged back into favor as a prophylactic against polio. After restudy of cases that occurred in 1952 and tests of viruses from victims, Pittsburgh's Dr. William McD. Hammon reported that G.G.'s record had been smirched by sloppy test procedures and by confusing other diseases with polio. Hammon and colleagues now consider G.G. slightly more effective than they had first thought—but still no substitute for a vaccine.

For staid Germans, who find gum-chewing G.I.s and tourists unspeakably *schecklich*, the German Medical Association had a shocking announcement. Despite the bad effect of sugar coating, Chewing inspires the flow of saliva and thereby improves the teeth-cleaning process. [It] makes teeth more sound, now that people no longer eat hard food or chew their food thoroughly.

To give the brain surgeon a relatively dry field for delicate operations inside the skull and to cut down blood loss, a drug called Arfonad will soon be marketed by Hoffman-La Roche, Inc. In hundreds of cases it has lowered blood pressure safely and by just the right amount. Helpful in other operations, especially removal of tonsils or adenoids, is Adrenosem (S.E. Massenzell Co.), which controls bleeding from the smaller blood vessels.

After a plantation overseer died of jungle yellow fever, carried by monkeys and mosquitoes, Trinidad (British West Indies) began mass inoculation of its 669,000 inhabitants.



O'Sullivan

SUPPLIES THE FINISHING TOUCH

Her handbag is made of Sullvyne vinyl plastic. This versatile material in its wide variety of striking patterns and colors has opened new horizons of production for handbag and accessory manufacturers. Like all other quality products of the O'Sullivan Rubber Corporation, Sullvyne puts the finishing touch to portraits of modern living.

ALL THESE ARE *O'Sullivan* TOO!



Sullvyne Pedigreed Plastic
is a modern upholstery fabric used by leading furniture manufacturers. Having the outstanding advantages of durability and ease of cleaning, Sullvyne also supplies the finishing touch of beauty to home, office, or institution.



Sullvyne-Clad Metal Laminate
is a bond of vinyl plastic on metal for post-forming in an endless variety of products. Saving production time, eliminating all refinishing, providing matchless beauty, Sullvyne-Clad supplies the finishing touch to products before they're made.



O'Sullivan Heels and Soles
are featured on America's finest footwear and by better shoe repair shops throughout the country. By giving added comfort and providing the finishing touch to good grooming, O'Sullivan has earned the name of "America's No. 1 Heel . . . and Sole."

O'SULLIVAN RUBBER CORP., WINCHESTER, VA.



As one of the great carriers of merchandise freight, the C&O sponsors this campaign in the belief that a better understanding of the Traffic Manager's job will contribute to the better and more economical movement of material.



The scissors that cuts red tape

It was ten o'clock in the morning when the Traffic Manager of one of the major oil companies had a call from a new field where his company was sinking some exploratory wells. They had hit a terrific gusher. The nearest refinery was hundreds of miles away.

"How soon must you start shipping?" he asked.

"Tomorrow," came the reply. "We have the railroads rounding up every available tank car right now."

But the Traffic Manager knew there was no published rate covering such a movement — no oil had ever been shipped from the area. And as every Traffic Manager knows, getting a new rate approved and published — particularly when there are several railroads involved — simply can't be done in less than 30 to 60 days.

On this one occasion the new rate was agreed on and approved by all concerned at 3 o'clock that same

afternoon and became effective the following morning as the loaded tank cars started rolling out. Probably an all-time record.

How was this Traffic Manager able to accomplish his miracle? Well, there were several reasons:

He knew all the rules, regulations and precedents involved, so he didn't have to look them up.

He was on a first-name basis with every one of the railroad officials concerned.

They had all known him for years; each of them felt sure he was being absolutely honest with them and that they could accept without question everything he said.

Knowledge. Contacts. Integrity.

These are the prime assets of a Traffic Manager. They enable him to take emergencies in his stride — and, once in a while, to accomplish the impossible.

Chesapeake and Ohio Railway

TERMINAL TOWER, CLEVELAND 1, OHIO



NEW "COST QUENCHER"

from Sinclair Research

It's Sinclair's new quench oil — something you'll probably never use and may never have heard about. But it will save you money because Sinclair quench oils are widely used in making gears, axles, and many other automotive parts. It helps to make them wear-resistant and thus cuts car repair costs.

Sinclair quench oils will save you money in other ways, too. They are used for hardening and improving a multitude of products fabricated out of steel. So many things we need are made of steel that sav-

ings in fabricating costs help keep prices down.

Sinclair's new quench oil has new and better properties . . . more cooling power for example. It controls the dissipation of heat in red-hot steel parts to prevent cracking, pitting and distortion and to provide uniform hardness. It also offers the opportunity to utilize lower cost steels for more critical purposes.

The new quench oil is another result of Sinclair's management.

manufacturing, sales and research people working together for product development and improvement. This team-work helps keep Sinclair up front competitively and gives the public better petroleum products.

SINCLAIR
A Great Name in Oil

The Great Ear-Wiggler

Night and day under the fleece of me
There's an Oh, such a flaming furnace
burneth the grease of me.
Night and day under the bark of me
There's an Oh, such a mob of microbes
making a park of me.
Night and day under the rind of me
There's an Oh, such a zeal for spooning
ru'ning the mind of me . . .

Cole Porter never wrote these lines, but he (almost) might have. They are a memorable lampoon by the late Ring Lardner of Minstrel Porter's most famous attack of heartburn. Readers—as distinct from listeners—now have an opportunity to judge the accuracy of Critic Lardner's aim. In a new book out this week, *103 Lyrics of Cole Porter* (selected by Fred Lounsbury—Random House: \$4.50) were clamped between hard covers without so much as an ocarina accompaniment. It is a rare tribute to a lyricist, but it is also a bit of a dirty trick.

What trips off a singer's tongue often falls flat on the printed page. Yet time and again the aging (61) pixy of the Waldorf Towers flashes out with a line of verse that might be Ogden Nash at his snippiest or T. S. Eliot at his youngest. In one respect, however, Lardner was clearly right. When Porter tries to be sentimental about love (which is perhaps half the time), his music may be convincing but his words sound as invincibly phony as Porfirio Rubirosa reading Emily Dickinson to a debutante.

Asphalt Lyricism. In one of his lyrics, Porter himself mocks the true-blue, June-Moon school:

As long as such rhymes get by,
Why don't you go home and try
To write another sentimental song?

Porter has got by with such rhymes plenty of times; even his wizardry is hard put to improve on four basic rhymes with "love" in the English language (above, dove, glove, shove). But while he can be shamelessly obvious, more often Porter is so dazzlingly dexterous that all the Tin Pan Alleycats bristle with awe. Nobody is cozier with words: for him, Winchell rhymes with provincial, suburban with Deanna Durbin, Niña with schizophrenia, Jehovah with Casanova, Lassie with democracy, to the bottom I with hippopotami, a fine finnan haddie with who love belongs to daddy, and Venetia who loved to chat so is still drinkin' in her stinkin' pink palazzo.

There are images and characters in Porter that stick in the mind because of their authentic, giddy bitterness: the lovers whose cars are seen in front of too many bars, the males whom men forget and only tailors remember, the girl who sits high above the town in her pet pailletted gown, deep in the depths on the 90th floor. Sometimes, love can be as fiercely direct, almost formal, as an angry letter "Don't you know, little fool, you never

can win? Use your mentality! Wake up to reality!" And occasionally, in a kind of straight, asphalt lyricism, Porter can out-hammer even Hammerstein in the game of simplicity:

Yesterday
When I got my pay
I went to a park I know
And walked around
'Til I finally found
The place where the roses grow.
When I saw those flowers all in bloom
I almost forgot my basement room.

Shavian Satire. At heart, Porter may be something of a Shavian, with a taste for social satire. This is suggested by the girl who tries to pursue Mrs. Warren's



COLE PORTER & ETHEL MERMAN
Nobody cozier or Rubiosier.

Profession, but is driven out of business by society ladies with amateur standing, and the Doctor's Dilemma of a medico who can't make up his mind about a patient:

He simply loved my larynx
And went wild about my pharynx,
But he never said he loved me.

Porter takes his sharpest bites out of the upper crust to which he himself belongs. He knows all about society bores like Mrs. Lowborough-Goodby ("Thank you so much for that infinite weekend") and drops names contemptuously like gold-tipped cigarette butts ("Kit Cornell is shelling peas, Lady Mendil's climbing trees . . ."). Porter scarcely allows himself anything like pity, but sometimes—as in the case of Mr. Fitch who once was rich, but who is now regarded as just another son of a b.—he does manage a reproachful glare at the pitiless.

The most rewarding thing about Porter in print is that it gives the reader a chance

"I drink all the
coffee I want..."



"I get all the
sleep I need!"



DON'T STOP DRINKING
COFFEE... JUST STOP
DRINKING CAFFEIN!

WHY don't you enjoy wonderful coffee and wonderful sleep? You can—simply by switching to caffeine-free Sanka Coffee! Caffeine adds nothing to coffee's flavor—yet it's the caffeine in ordinary coffee that can jangle nerves and keep you awake.

Millions of wise people have switched to New Extra-Rich Sanka Coffee! It's one of the most flavorful coffees you've ever tasted, and it's 97% caffeine-free! It gives you all the goodness of fine coffee, yet can't keep you awake. Try it today!

DELICIOUS IN
EITHER INSTANT OR
REGULAR FORM
Products of General Foods



NEW EXTRA-RICH
SANKA COFFEE

It's delicious! It's 97% caffeine-free!
It lets you sleep!

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC COMPANY—A GREAT NAME IN COMMUNICATIONS



nobody works well
in a vacuum

get him out with P-A-X

When a man can't quickly get facts he needs, from anywhere in the organization, he *cannot* work at his best. He wastes precious time walking and "visiting," or writing laborious memoranda and waiting for replies—or he acts *without* the facts he needs!

A P-A-X automatic inside telephone system will break down these barriers! Separate from the city telephones, it supplements the city service with fast, automatic "inside" service. When P-A-X is installed, the simple twirl of a dial reaches anyone in the organization. Teamwork is swiftly and easily achieved.

Thousands of companies, large and small, find P-A-X a convenient means to new efficiency. Investigate its possibilities for your organization today! Call or write—Distributor in U.S. and Possessions: Automatic Electric Sales Corporation (HAYmarket 1-4300), 1033 West Van Buren Street, Chicago 7, Illinois. *Offices in principal cities.*



AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC

ORIGINATORS OF THE AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE

—as the radio and the jukebox do not—to examine in detail one of the most remarkable rhyming skills since W. S. Gilbert. Like Gilbert, Porter excels in the encyclopedic or catalogue verse, e.g.:

*The young fall, the old fall
The red-hot mammas and the cold fall ...
Old maids who object fall,
Old men you never would suspect fall,
Even babies, who can hardly crawl,
fall ...
The good very oft' fall,
The hard-shell Baptists and the soft
fall ...
Small bookworms on shelves fall,
Amoebas, even for themselves, fall ...
They all fall in love.*

Irving Berlin and Oscar Hammerstein 2d, in their inspired corniness, may reflect some American moods more genuinely than Porter. He puts on a mood as easily as a white tie, but the result can still be moving. Above all, he has put ideas and satire into the sentiment-swamped words of American popular songs. Porter has probably written the last word on himself

*Why be a great composer with your
rent in arrears?
Why be a major poet and you'll owe it
for years!
When crowds will pay to giggle
If you wiggle
Your cars ...*

New Pop Records

U.S. music dealers this week are featuring a box with an emerald green cover, a faceless figure seated before a Decca microphone, and the word *Bing*. Spread over the five LPs in the package (price: \$27.50) are 89 Crosby renditions with



CROSBY (CIRCA 1930)
Always playful, sometimes weary.



COOL SPRINGWATER FROM A LIMESTONE CAVE... AND GOLDEN GOOD GRAIN FROM A NEIGHBORING FARM

*Deep in Tennessee,
one small distillery still takes time
to make a rare whiskey in
an old, unburied way—
Charcoal-Mellowed
Drop by Drop*

FOLKS in leisurely Tennessee spend a lot of time just sitting around and figuring out ways to get things done better.

And once they're sure they're on the right track... well, like as not they'll stick with what they've found out for generations.



AWAY FROM THE RUSH,
WITH TIME FOR CHARCOAL-MELLOWING

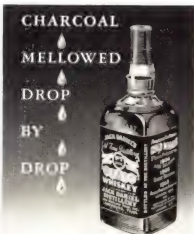
That's the way it is with us in Lynchburg, where we operate the oldest registered distillery in the United States. It's been a full seven generations now since Jack Daniel came upon a way to "charcoal-mellow" his whiskey, slowly, drop by drop. And we haven't changed this charcoal-mellowing process one whit since then.

Once you've tasted Jack Daniel's Tennessee Whiskey, we're sure you'll understand why. Charcoal-mellowing gives our whiskey an unusually pleasing flavor. Our friends around here call it a *sippin'* flavor.

To charcoal-mellow Jack Daniel's, we let it seep through vats filled with 100 inches of finely ground, tightly packed hard maple charcoal. This is an expensive process and a slow one. It takes longer than all other steps in mashing, fermenting and distilling combined. But Jack Daniel's slow trip through charcoal gives it 5 or 6 thousand times as much contact with flavor-smoothing charcoal as it later gets in charred oak barrels. No other whiskey is made in this choosy old Tennessee way.

We think this explains why Jack Daniel's has been awarded five gold medals in competition with the world's finest whiskeys. And why a bottle of Jack Daniel's is such a rare treat.

There's something special, too, about Lynchburg as a place for making whiskey. The springwater runs clear and cool and golden good grain grows right near our door. And it seems there's always plenty of time to spend getting things done right. Folks in the business keep reminding us that there are easier ways of making whiskey—faster ones, too. That's true enough. But we'll wager that once you've tasted Jack Daniel's, you'll want us to keep making it exactly as we have been—for a long, long time to come.



Green label for those who seek a truly rare whiskey and Black label—even rarer.

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spoken interludes by the crooner himself. Most of the songs are original versions selected from the 2,000-odd sides he recorded in two decades.

No matter how some listeners may flinch at Bing's vocal wobble or his persistently overeasy manner, it is an impressive performance. For Crosby is identified with a long parade of popular tunes, from *Pennies from Heaven* to *White Christmas* to *The Bells of St. Mary's*. The U.S. may have changed in 20 years, but not Crosbyland: the emotions are pleasant, never heated, and just a bit weary, the words are confidently unsophisticated, the crooning exactly what it was when Bing made the first record put out by Decca (*Just a Heapin' for You*) in 1934. Decca is launching its 20th anniversary "push" with the Crosby package, surrounded by a publicity campaign to recall some of its pioneering trade ventures (e.g., pop albums, children's records, original-cast recordings of Broadway shows). Among other Decca anniversary releases are LPs by Guy Lombardo, the Mills Brothers, Fred Warin, Ella Fitzgerald.

Other new pop records:

Bengt Hallberg (Pacific Jazz LP). Lars Gullin's baritone sax sounds something like Gerry Mulligan's. Hallberg's piano is light and feathery, and the progressive counterpart eeked out by the eight-man ensemble adds up to some fine modern jazz. Imported from Sweden.

The Music of Duke Ellington (Columbia LP). Reissues of twelve matchless Ellington originals, recorded in style from *The Mooche* (1928) to *Do Nothing Till You Hear from Me* (1947). Highlights: Kay Davis' wordless, sensuous crooning in the *Croole Love Call*, the elegant interplay of Johnny Hodges' alto and Harry Carney's bouncing baritone in *I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart*, Baby Cox's unforgettable vocal growl in *The Mooche*.

Lizzy Miles (Cook LP). Billed as "Queen Mother of the Rue Royale," Blues Shouter Miles sounds much like her sisters, Bessie Smith, Chippie Hill et al., with the difference that, pushing 60 she is very much alive. Taped in New Orleans last spring this beautifully recorded album also contains a chorus (*All of Me*) in French and of all things, a hot bugle, played by Buglin' Sam DeKemel.

New Orleans Jazz Party (Gene Mayl's Dixieland Rhythm Kings: Riverside LP). A bunch of youngsters in Dayton carrying on the tradition of "righteous" (i.e., primitive) jazz. They sound for all the world like bands of three decades ago, including twanging banjo and two-beat tuba, but with none of the surface noise of old records, and some fresh ideas.

Skokiaan (Bulawayo Sweet Rhythms Band: London). A South African number that, after four plays on a Cleveland disk-jockey show, got such a response that it was immediately "covered" by more than a dozen other labels. It is based on an old Zulu drinking song (approximate translation of the title: happy-happy), has a jing-jing, mambo-like beat, Mercury's version (by Ralph Marterie) is the current best



Zelus Dancing

Happy-happy hokey pokey.

seller. Columbia's Four Lads made the first version with words. Excerpts:

*Skoki, Skoki Skoki, Skokiaan
Okey, dokey Anybody can Skoki, Skoki
Man oh! Man oh! Man
You sing a-bing, a-bang, a-bingo
In hokey pokey Skokiaan.*

How Hi the Fi (Buck Clayton, Woody Herman & Co.: Columbia LP). Another promising effort concocted by two perennial jazz buffis, George Avakian and John Hammond. The title refers to a prankish version of one of the record's four tunes: *How High the Moon?*

Presenting Red Norvo & His Orchestra (label "X" LP). One of the oldtimers (labeled "X," xylophonist Norvo can still keep ahead of the new crowds. Here he knocks out some relaxed and fanciful improvisations on *Jersey Bounce*, *There Will Never Be Another You*, etc.

Oscar Peterson Plays Vincent Youmans (Clef LP). One of the finest talents in jazz applies his sweet-talking fingers with such grace that even *Ten for Two* sounds fresh.

Something Cool (June Christy with Pete Rugolo's Orchestra: Capitol LP). Best known as a Stan Kenton vocalist, Songstress Christy is here on her own, her manner strictly professional, moody and sophisticated. The title ballad is about a lonely chick accepting a drink from a stranger.

Fortune in Dreams (Kay Starr: Capitol). Reminiscent of the brassy ditties of Sophie Tucker et al. Kay herself is to the café born, punches out her moral in hit-making style ("I haven't got a bankful, but I'm thankful to say I've got a fortune in dreams").

Mama Don't Cry at My Wedding (Joni James: M-G-M.). A sad young thing tries to reassure her mom, although she admits to doubts of her own, ("Maybe he'll just bring me heartaches"). Just soggy enough to reach beery popularity.

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Capricious Carol

One of the trickiest jobs in meteorology is predicting the path of a hurricane. As hurricanes drift northward, they become entangled in the "planetary wind," the broad, strong current of air that whistles around the earth in north temperate latitudes at heights between 10,000 and 40,000 ft. The planetary wind's general flow is toward the east, so when it captures a hurricane off the U.S. east coast, it generally pushes the spinner out over the Atlantic. But, as many a meteorologist has discovered to his grief, the wind is not constant in direction; it whips from side to side in waves like a shaken rope, carrying hurricanes with it.

Pacific Wave. Hurricane Carol, which smashed, tangled and flooded New England last week, started her career as a run-of-the-mill hurricane, perhaps a little lazier than most. On Monday morning, she was dawdling along off South Carolina, watched by airplanes and Weather Bureau radar and spinning northward at only four miles per hour. By Monday afternoon, Carol was captured by the planetary wind. It picked up her whirling mass and carried it north-northeastward at 18 to 20 m.p.h. The weathermen, studying their charts, expected her to veer more sharply to the east and pass harmlessly east of Nantucket.

Then came the meteorological kink that turned humdrum Carol into a raging hazard by leading her toward shore. It was a deep wave in the planetary wind, part of a disturbance that had been detected while still over the Pacific more than a week before. By 3 a.m. Tuesday morning, the wind was headed toward the north, carrying Carol at 35 to 40 m.p.h. toward Long Island. Warnings went out at once,

but most people along the endangered coast had gone to bed unworried, confident that Carol would pass them by. Instead, she churned destructively across southeastern New England, destroying, among many other things, the steeple of Boston's famous old North Church.

High Water. As hurricanes go, Carol was not unusually violent. Much of her damage, aside from the steeple, toppled trees and tangled wires, was caused by storm tides. A hurricane has several devices for raising the water level. In the "eye of the storm," the center of the spinning doughnut, barometric pressure is abnormally low. So the sea is sucked upward, sometimes as much as four feet. In Carol's case this effect was minor. The pressure in her center probably did not fall below 28.4 inches (of mercury) and so could not have lifted the sea level much more than two feet.

But the furious winds spiraling toward Carol's center piled up the water in a wave-topped mound that swept with the hurricane toward the helpless coast. When it finally hit, the wind-driven water had nowhere to go. Dammed up by wind pressure, it submerged the breakwaters, sandspits and islands, covering them deeply enough to allow the great waves to ride into harbors and bays.

Supercooled Blood

One of the mysteries of arctic life is how fish manage to survive in water so cold that their blood ought to freeze solid. In Hebron Fjord in Northern Labrador, the water at the bottom, 60 fathoms down, stays at -1.7°C . (28.94°F .) winter and summer. There are plenty fish in it, leading active lives, but when their blood is extracted and chilled, it freezes at -0.8 to -1.0°C , nearly a full degree above the



BOSTON'S OLD NORTH CHURCH IN HURRICANE
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Associated Press

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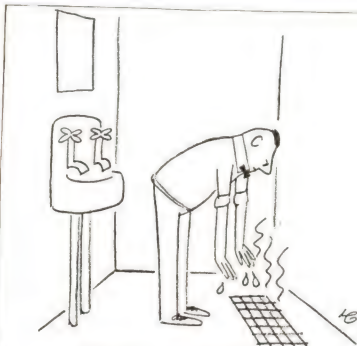
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temperature in which they live normally.

Last week an expedition led by Dr. P. F. Scholander of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution landed at Boothbay Harbor, Maine after spending eleven weeks around Hebron Fjord trying to find out what keeps the fish from freezing. Dr. Scholander had a theory that their blood is "supercooled," remaining liquid because ice crystals never get a chance to start forming in it. Ordinary water behaves the same way if it is carefully chilled without stirring. The blood of the fish, of course, is in constant motion through their hearts and vessels, so Dr. Scholander reasoned that the fish must have some special system to keep it supercooled.

The summer's work with elaborate apparatus in a prefabricated laboratory did not solve the mystery; it added another mystery. Dr. Scholander found that arctic fish which live in the slightly warmer water at the surface will freeze solid if they are chilled in surface experiments to the temperature prevailing at the bottom. But when such fish were actually lowered into the cold depths, they did not freeze. Most of them were alive and active when hoisted back to the surface.

Dr. Scholander's tentative conclusion: the pressure at the bottom of the Fjord (about 160 lbs. per sq. in.) works in some unknown way in combination with the cold to keep the fish swimming and feeding when they should be hunks of ice. "We'll come up with the answer in time," he says, "but there's a factor missing somewhere."

Bombs, Births & Leadership

Last week was a week of scientific conventions. In half a dozen cities around the globe, scientists milled in their large, confused gatherings, swapped ideas, canvassed covertly for better jobs and passed along the gossip of their professional circles. When not so engaged, they listened to some of the news of their trade. Items:

Advice to Psychologists. At a Manhattan meeting of the American Psychological Association, Dr. Fred E. Fiedler of the University of Illinois cast doubt on the existence of "natural leaders." Financed by the Office of Naval Research, Psychologist Fiedler spent three years trying to find out what makes certain groups so much more effective than others. He came to the conclusion that the most important factor is not so much the ability of the leader or of the subordinates. It is the "matching" of the leader to the men under him.

In groups as diverse as college basketball teams, student civil-engineering crews and Air Force bomber crews, Fiedler found that an approachable, "outgoing" leader who gets too friendly with his subordinates may find himself no longer able to make clear-cut decisions. But an aloof leader may isolate himself too much from his key man (e.g., foreman, or top sergeant) and thus lose touch with his group. When this happens, the rank and file are apt to turn to someone else as an informal leader. Therefore, the most effective leaders, according to Fiedler, are men who are properly matched to their subordinates. When



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possible, an overly friendly commander should be assigned to a taut unit with rigid barriers between lesser ranks. Overly aloof leaders should command units where barriers of rank are more relaxed.

Worries for Sociologists. The World Congress on Population, meeting at Rome under the auspices of the U.N., was greeted by a blast from the Vatican newspaper, *L'Osservatore Romano*, denouncing birth control and other curbs on population. The Congress, nevertheless, discussed not only the increase of man's numbers, but also what might be done about it.

According to the Congress' experts, the world's rate of annual population increase has risen in the last five years from 25 million a year to more than 36 million.

But there are signs, reported the delegates, that this situation may not continue indefinitely. In many parts of the world the increase of population is leveling off. This is true even in Italy, famous for its fertility and its official opposition to population limitation. In Japan, where the government is strongly promoting birth control, one third of the people use some form of contraception. The Welfare Ministry's chief worry, according to Japanese experts, is that too many Japanese women are resorting to abortion. In the last six months, they estimated, there were half a million legal abortions in Japan.

Consolation for Physicists. At the Oxford meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Nobel Prizewinner Sir John Cockcroft announced a bit of long-range good news. He was sure, said Sir John, that long before the world exhausted its supply of uranium fuel, the energy of the fusion of light elements (as in the hydrogen bomb) can be turned from destructive to peaceful uses. If this is true, the human race need not worry about its energy supply for a very long time.*

At the same Oxford meeting, Physiologist Edegar Douglas Adrian, also a Nobel Prizewinner and president of Britain's Royal Society, had a less cheerful comment on the future. He stated that the human race would not survive if more than a few thousand large atomic bombs were exploded, regardless of where they fell.

But he did not blame the physicists; instead, he told them that scientists must be resigned about the potentially destructive effects of their peaceful pursuits. "Advances in natural science cannot avoid advancing methods of warfare. They do so when [ever] they make armies more healthy . . . There is no kind of scientific investigation which might not be used to make war more effective." Curative medicine, said Dr. Adrian, is not above misuse—e.g., the doctor who discovers a cure for paranoia may find that he has revealed a convenient way of producing it.

* In 1950 all of man's needs required about 10^{17} B.T.U. of energy. The hydrogen in 1 atom of water, if turned into helium, will give roughly this quantity. Since there are 15×10^{27} tons of water in the ocean, the world's stock of hydrogen can keep man supplied with energy, at the 1950 rate, for more than 900 thousand billion (900×10^{17}) years.

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by **PAUL LEVINGER**

*Executive Vice-President
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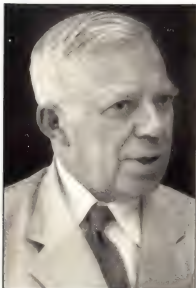
We give thanks for all that we have accomplished together and learned in our fellowship; for prejudices overcome, misunderstandings removed, sympathies enlarged, insight deepened, and for all advance that has been made toward a common mind.

We thank thee, O God.

We acknowledge that our understanding of the truth as it is in Jesus Christ, the Hope of the World, has been limited by our pride, willfulness and narrowness of mind, and that our witness to the world is weakened by our divisions.

Lord have mercy upon us.

So prayed the new honorary president of the World Council of Churches, Britain's Bishop George Kennedy Allen Bell



BISHOP BELL

Arthur Shaw

Is your congregation a true family of God?

of Chichester, at the closing service of the Evanston assembly. It was well that he did, for the member churches of the World Council, though closer together than ever before, were still a long way from true unity.

When it came to adopting the assembly's message on Faith and Order, with its confession of "sinful division," the Orthodox churches refused to go along, said Greek Orthodox Archbishop Michael. "We cannot speak of the repentance of the church, which is intrinsically holy and unerring . . . We believe that the return of the communions to . . . the pure, unchanging and common heritage of the forefathers . . . shall alone produce the desired reunion . . . The Holy Orthodox Church alone has preserved in full and intact the faith once delivered to the saints." But no one thought that this generally foreseen dissent changed the

picture. Norway's Bishop Elvind Berggrav, ruffled like a Holbein portrait in starchy white, pointed his sermon at the "ecumenians" who looked for some kind of nonpapal Rome to be built in a day. "There are people," he said, "who simply get angry . . . because the churches are not prepared to unite now and on the spot. The answer to sentimental impatience has to be that the growth is up to God and will be completed in His time."

The assembly wound up its 17 days with some notable pieces of business. The delegates re-elected Dr. Willem A. Visser 't Hooft as general secretary of the World Council, elected Dr. Franklin Clark Fry, president of the United Lutheran Church in America, as chairman of the powerful 90-man Central Committee, which will carry on the Council's business between assemblies, and decided to meet again in



BISHOP BERGGRAV

John Dornheim-Lie

1960. Of the final statements approved, the most noteworthy were

The Message on the Laity, which pointed out that the church and laymen "need each other." The old form of community has begun to disappear with industrialization, and many people "do little more than sleep in their 'parish' . . . The real battles of the faith today are being fought in factories, shops, offices and farms, in political parties and government agencies . . . It is said that the church should go into these spheres, but the fact is that the church is already [there] in the persons of its laity . . . The Christian who for example, throws himself into the social and political struggle should be actively encouraged and considered a gain, not a loss, to the church. There is need to change the [church] atmosphere . . . of an old-fashioned, middle-class culture . . . A tendency to choose the lay leadership

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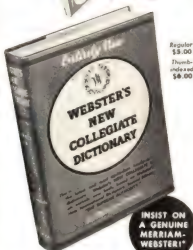
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of a congregation from among white-collar workers often prevents others, especially young industrial workers, from feeling at home in the church . . . Our world is characterized by unprecedented technical, organizational and scientific achievements and at the same time by disillusionments, cynicism and fear . . . The church must not become an escape for those who do not dare to look such a world in the face."

The Concluding Message, which was designed to be read in every congregation of the member churches. It asked some deeply searching questions of the churches themselves: "Is your church seriously considering its relation to other churches in the light of Our Lord's prayer that we may be sanctified in the truth and that we may all be one? . . . Great masses of people in many parts of the world are hungry for bread, and are compelled to live in conditions which mock their human worth. Does your church speak and act against such injustice? . . . Does your congregation live for itself, or for the world around it and beyond it? . . . Do you forgive one another as Christ forgave you? Is your congregation a true family of God, where every man can find a home?"

The message ended: "We do not know what is coming to us. But we know who is coming. It is He who meets us every day and who will meet us at the end—Jesus Christ, Our Lord. Therefore, we say to you: rejoice in hope."

Sheil Shelved

Chicago's popular, liberal Auxiliary Bishop Bernard J. Sheil, 66, last week announced his resignation as head of the Catholic Youth Organization, a group which he founded 24 years ago, and which now has some 5,000,000 members. No reason was given by Sheil or by Samuel Cardinal Stritch, who announced that Sheil's successor would be Monsignor Edward J. Kelly, long active in the C.Y.O. But speculation inevitably reverted to Bishop Sheil's famed blast at Senator Joseph McCarthy last April, which antagonized many Roman Catholic laymen and clergy. Most widely heard explanation: Sheil may have been urged by his superiors to be more restrained, instead chose to resign from the C.Y.O., which was the biggest of his many jobs. Editorialized the liberal Catholic magazine *Commonweal*: "The announcement . . . is bound to cause a great deal of sour speculation and suspicion. [We hope] that the proper authorities will soon quiet the suspicions of those who think Bishop Sheil may have paid the price McCarthyism demands of all who venture to speak out against it."

Christ of the Depths

Genoa's Duilio Marcante is a blond brawny specialist in diving equipment who spends a lot of time with air tank and rubber flippers below the surface of the Mediterranean. One day Marcante sat on a rock, staring into the clear, green water, and thought—as he later recalled, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if there were a



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TIME TO SAVE YOU TIME
TO MAKE THE NEWS MAKE SENSE

TIME, SEPTEMBER 13, 1954



Bright outlook for glass...

Read about the part banks play in the manufacture and distribution of glass.

As early as 1609 colonial Americans were making glass containers in a crude Virginia factory. Then in 1827 a few enterprising Yankees scooped the world by figuring out a way to press molten glass.

Almost overnight the long dormant American glass industry came into its own.

At the outset private investors put up every penny for flat glassmaking. But it wasn't long before the glass craze demanded more products than

private capital could produce. So the bankers were called in.

Glass Money

Bank help to the glass industry began (and still begins) at the raw materials stage. Bank loans help provide the money for new equipment, research and plant expansion. On the retail side, bank loans frequently help hometown dealers stock a thousand and one products ranging from safety glass for your car to water tumblers for your table.

Your Dollars

As for the money that goes into these loans — the lion's share comes from the funds Americans deposit in their

banks. In competition with one another, banks lend this money to borrowers who can use it profitably in their businesses.

In the glass business (or any other going enterprise you can name) this movement and employment of money boils down to jobs for men and women, which in turn brings goods and services and better living to Americans.

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CHRIST STATUE BEING LOWERED
For the dead, a place to pray.

statue of Christ down there. Then the dead—all who have lived by the sea and died in it—could have their own secure refuge, a place to pray."

Duilio Marcante told some of his friends, and the idea raced through Genoa and far beyond. Hundreds of Italian athletes sent in bronze and copper trophies to be melted down for the statue. The Italian navy and merchant marine offered bronze scrap from Italian ships sunk in World War II, and from one poor woman came a single copper coin. Sculptor Guido Galletti, 61, labored for nearly a year to model and cast a figure eight feet tall to stand on a pedestal ten feet high.

The best place to mount it, the planners decided, was 56 feet below the surface of the bay of San Fruttuoso, between Camogli and Portofino. There the waters were almost crystal-clear, so that the statue would be visible from above. Many a seafaring man had lost his life there—nearly the Genoese lost a bloody naval battle with the Venetians in 1431 and the British frigate *Croesus* went down in 1855.

Last week 3,000 people gathered in a flotilla of small boats in the bay of San Fruttuoso. After Mass, the giant statue, its 900-lb. bulk suspended from a naval crane, was lowered into the sea. Slowly the water mounted, inch by inch, until at last it swirled over the suppliant hands. Said a message from Genoa's Giuseppe Cardinal Siri: "Where men, the pioneers of new roads, are beginning to descend, our Lord and Redeemer descends today."

Duilio Marcante led a group of divers below with floral offerings. He came up white-faced. Said he: "There was a lump in my throat so bad I could hardly breathe and I didn't think I'd ever manage to get to the bottom with my carnations. Then I saw the statue down there. It was truly moving. I shall never forget it."

It takes aluminum. This new entrance stand adjusts to serve any four-engine plane, safely loads 1500 pounds, yet requires only one man to operate.



It takes aluminum. A gate like this is light, rigid and strong. It opens and closes easily, protects livestock, enhances property. Needs no painting, yet will never rot or rust.



For more of the good things of life

It takes aluminum to make this bathroom a delight to see, a cinch to clean. Aluminum tiles come in smart colors or in natural finish. Shower enclosure glides in aluminum tracks.



It takes aluminum to put more fun in boating—and take the hard work out. More speed with less energy—it's easy carrying, too. And aluminum needs no caulking, no painting.



Light, strong aluminum brightens your life in hundreds of ways. Today it is growing faster in number of uses than any other metal.

To produce aluminum requires electricity . . . millions of horsepower. Fortunately Canada, number one customer for U.S.-made goods, has, in its mountain rivers, virtually unlimited hydro-electric power. This vast power,

not competed for by other industries, is therefore plentiful and economical for smelting aluminum.

Aluminum from Canada plays a vital part in the U.S. economy—supplying U.S. factories with raw material and helping insure jobs for over a million U.S. metalworkers. . . . **Aluminum Limited, Montreal:** one of North America's great aluminum producing enterprises.



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Can you do this? Poly-Eth can!



"Cold? Not me—I feel wonderful!"

An iceberg is no test for little Miss Poly-Eth. She can wiggle her toes at 100 degrees below zero. Can you? Poly-Eth is Spencer's new symbol for polyethylene, the flexible plastic which can do so many things other plastics can't.

And what a toughie this little lady is. Bathe her in hydrochloric acid—no effect at all, she just smiles at chemical solvents. She is odorless as a proper little lady should be. Tasteless, too. She can grab a "hot wire" and think nothing of it. These and other things no other plastic can do so well are making polyethylene the fastest growing plastic of all time.

Production will begin in 1955 at Orange, Texas, where Spencer will manufacture this new wonder plastic in a plant now under construction. Our sales group believes there are many companies which have Poly-Eth in their future. Perhaps Spencer's Poly-Eth can help improve the profit outlook for your company.



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The Week in Review

Most daytime radio and TV shows seem aimed at ten-year-olds. But on Sunday the rules change. Instead of soap operas and giveaways and cosmetic hints, the Sunday audience is considered grown-up enough to hear—as they did this week—readings from Christopher Marlowe's *The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus* (on NBC's *Anthology*) and to enjoy an appraisal of Ralph Waldo Emerson by the University of Southern California's Professor Frank Baxter (CBS), who pretends to be nothing more or less than an interested and interesting teacher.

Several explanations are offered for the cultural flowering of Sunday. According to Hubbell Robinson, CBS vice president in charge of TV programming, Sunday was chosen for culture because "that's when the entire family is at home and receptive." Less generous critics suggest that audience ratings are responsible; they say that Sunday ratings have always been low, and therefore the networks moved their "worthwhile" shows into Sunday's hours, where they would not compete with the easily salable evening time. Whatever the reason, the radio-TV Sunday has turned out to be a refreshing, satisfying and educational U.S. institution.

The Fourth R, Sunday morning, naturally enough, is devotional. In the earlier hours, radio religion ranges from the evangelical thunder of Pasadena's Rev. Herbert Armstrong ("Catastrophic happenings will soon shake the world!") to the fundamentalist tenets of Grand Rapids' Dr. Richard De Haan ("Read the Bible closely and never out of context . . ."). Television's religious note is more often interdenominational and inspirational. This week Dr. Norman Vincent Peale (*The Power of Positive Thinking*) and



PROFESSOR BAXTER
Emerson without pretense.

his wife devoted 30 filmed minutes (CBS) to assuring viewers that an inferiority complex should not prevent financial success. The Peales told how a friend of theirs, a perennial business failure, utilized his return to the bosom of the church to develop a profitable line of costume jewelry: he featured the "mustard seed of faith" (*Matthew 17:20*) in charm bracelets, clips and watch fobs. Said Dr. Peale: "It helps to have faith in God as well as in yourself."

For the children, TV offered a number of nondenominational Sunday schools. On *Fourth R-Religion*, pretty Lori Darmi explained how bread is made, giving credit to God for the grain and to Peppercidge Farm for the skills needed to prepare the loaf. On the filmed *They Live By*, parents were briefed on how to answer such adolescent questions as "Where is God?" (the answer: "Everywhere"). *Exploring God's World* spent an agreeable half-hour exhibiting sea shells that were shaped like harps or striped like zebras or wore fur coats (to guard the shells against acids in Alaskan waters).

Escape Hatch. Hardly a split-hair's distance away from inspirational churchmen the Sunday philosophers take up their stand. Some of the most stimulating debate is about books. On *Invitation to Learning*, Moderator Lyman Bryson, Critic Clifton Fadiman and Professor Arthur Mizener dealt with Charles Dickens' *Pickwick Papers*, brought out the fact that Dickens wrote the classic at the age of 24 without any previous plan or outline. Fadiman held that Dickens failed in his aim of ridiculing English justice in the book's great trial scene and ended, instead, by just writing one joke after another. The panel's conclusion: *Pickwick Papers* is a "fairy tale that is endlessly and eternally funny." Critic Fadiman, a Sunday natural



PHILOSOPHER PEALE
Bracelets with faith.

TIME, SEPTEMBER 13, 1954

MEDIC

starts
SEPTEMBER 13!



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THE DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY

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Instead of a visored cap he wears the towering white hat of a *Chef des Cuisines*. But he's a sailor nevertheless, for it takes great specialists of 'most every sort to man a luxury liner.

His name is Antonini, and like all great chefs, he believes in the "personal touch." Birthday coming up? He'll personally supervise a masterful cake for you. Are you a *sauce remoulade* fancier? He'll outdo New Orleans just for you. Antonini is a gourmet's dream come true.

It's men of such personal warmth and skill that have earned for the Constitution and Independence that sea-going accolade... "Happy Ships."

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if there ever was one, returned to the air a few hours later on NBC's *Conversation*, this time to discuss puns with pun-making Novelist Peter (*The Tunnel of Love*) De Vries, Alan Green and Editor Bennett Cerf.

The networks thoughtfully provided an escape hatch from too much talk. NBC devoted 2½ hours to the semifinals of the U.S. National Singles tennis matches at Forest Hills. For music lovers, Mutual presented a 2½-hour broadcast of Thomas' opera, *Mignon*; CBS offered the Peninsula Music Festival from Ephraim, Wis., and NBC an hour-long summer concert featuring Tchaikovsky's *Sleeping Beauty* waltz.

Ham & History. On Sunday even drama shows a decent respect for the intellect. *A Precious Heritage* concerned itself with the quarrel between revolutionary and conservative Jews in colonial Rhode Island; *Hall of Fame* paraded the life and times of Alfred Nobel, inventor of dynamite and founder of the Peace Prize; *You Are There* added a touch of ham to history in probing "The Emergence of Jazz," with the help of Louis Armstrong. But with Old Jazman Armstrong on the trumpet, you were, in fact, there.

The most vigorous Sunday talk comes hot off the griddle of political forum and panel shows (which frequently provide Washington correspondents with a story or two on an otherwise dull day). An attentive listener could have learned this week that the U.S. was in a recession (according to Labor Leader Dave Beck on *Youth Wants to Know*) or that the country was not in a recession (according to Secretary of Labor James Mitchell on the *American Forum*). Secretary Mitchell also starred on a CBS documentary, *Labor '54*, which found him teamed with his uncle, Actor Thomas Mitchell. Uncle Thomas was televised in filmed visits to both the Lincoln and Washington monuments, while his off-camera voice intoned the Corvinesque prose that still turns up in TV documentaries. On *Man of the Week*, Seaborn Collins, the newly elected commander of the American Legion, got a mauling from Panelist William Hines of the *Washington Star*. Hines harked back to the Legion's recent criticism of the Girl Scouts' Handbook, read successive patriotic excerpts from the book. Commander Collins, who seemed uncertain what all the shooting was about, protested that "you are picking out the good things in that book."

On *Meet the Press*, A.F.L. President George Meany exposed a bland and impervious hide to four eager newsmen. Even as determined and tenacious a questioner as Lawrence Spivak was unable to make any headway, and when the *New York Times*'s Stanley Levy suggested that Meany had worked with Governor Thomas E. Dewey to enforce the licensing of stevedores on Manhattan's odorous docks, Meany snapped: "I guess you don't read your own newspapers. I publicly opposed licensing."

Cloudy Screen. By sundown, Sunday's quality shows disappear in a flood of guns, games and dramas like the *Roy Rogers Show*, *Earn Your Vacation*, the *College of Musical Knowledge*, the *Loretta Young*



SECRETARY MITCHELL (RIGHT) & UNCLE TOM DRAKE IN *THE SECRET*. Off-camera, a monumental voice.

Show and What's My Line? These shows are not bad in themselves—but they offer a cloud no bigger than a TV screen on the Sunday horizon. The increase in the numbers means that network program directors have discovered that Sunday can be a pretty good thing after all. In the frame of mind, they could spoil everything by making Sunday an everyday affair.

Program Preview

For the week starting Thursday, Sept. 9. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Playhouse of Stars (Fri. 9 p.m., CBS). Tom Drake in *The Secret*.

Dear Phoebe (Fri. 9:30 p.m., NBC). New comedy series, with Peter Lawlor.

Football Rally (Sat. 8 p.m., ABC). Highlights of last season's games.

Miss America Pageant (Sat. 10:30 p.m., ABC). Crowning of new beauty queen.

Satins and Spurs (Sun. 7:30 p.m., NBC). First of the season's "spectaculars": musical comedy (in color), with Betty Hutton, Kevin McCarthy.

Medic (Mon. 9 p.m., NBC). Highlighted film series, featuring the birth of a baby to a woman dying of leukemia.

RADIO

Campaign '54, (Sun. 12:05 p.m., CBS). First of a series of political surveys.

Hollywood Bowl Concerts (Mon. 8 p.m., NBC). Pierre Monteux, Lily Pons.

Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall (Mon. 9:30 p.m., CBS). Guests: Jack Benny, Liberace.

America's Town Meeting (Tues. 9 p.m., ABC). *The Role of Businessmen in American History*, with Professors Richard Overton and Broadus Mitchell.

Lux Radio Theater (Tues. 9 p.m., NBC). *Wuthering Heights*, with Mer Oberon, Cameron Mitchell.

Championship Boxing (Wed. 10 p.m., CBS). Rocky Marciano vs. Ezzard Charles, for the heavyweight title.



Are today's businessmen shrewd enough?

There is little doubt that the modern businessman is a go-getter. He's alert to every new trend and opportunity. He's a merchandiser. A promoter. A keen-minded business-builder.

But how well does he keep his guard up? How careful is he about protecting the interests of his firm?

The shocking truth is that an incredibly high percentage of businessmen are permitting a situation to exist which could put them completely out of business practically overnight.

The odds are that you, *yourself*, are entrusting your accounts receivable and other

business records to an "incinerator" safe. A safe which does not bear the independent Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc. label, and could *consume* those irreplaceable records if a fire started.

If you are counting on a fireproof building to prevent such a tragedy, look out! For fireproof buildings just *wall-in* fires. Make them *hotter*!

And if you expect your fire insurance to cover all losses under all conditions, just remember that there's a clause which says: "proof-of-loss must be rendered within 60 days." Could you "render" it without records?

Don't leave yourself wide open. It's dangerous!

Out of every 100 firms that lose their records in a fire—43 never reopen. And the other 57 struggle for years to recover.

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ART



PAINTER FRANSIOLI & "BEACON HILL, BOSTON"
Proper Bostonians remembered.

James Moore

Neatness & Light

Like many other architects who came out of college during the Depression, Thomas Fransioli had to live more by chance than by design. Commissions were scarce, so he tried other ventures—farming, hog butchering and painting. By 1939 he was designing exhibition rooms for Washington's new National Gallery and painting miniature Goyas and Rembrandts for his small-scale models of the rooms. During World War II, the wreckage of cities and men's lives filled Fransioli with a desire to create a neat and orderly world in painting.

Last week visitors to the Farnsworth Art Museum at Rockland, Me. saw a sweeping vista of this tidy world. It had the pure newness of renderings on an architect's drawing board. Among the 53 Fransioli works were paintings of New England houses as scrupulous as portraiture. There were cityscapes of Boston and Cambridge in which the red bricks of Beacon Hill and Harvard glow with warmth. The Charles is mirrorlike and the winter sun, casting long shadows, is bright on the bare trees. His ruler-drawn interior, *Vista from Within*, suggests the antiseptic foyer of a brand-new medical building. Fransioli's neatness and light reminded

proper Bostonians of their childhood, and Down East ladies cooed over familiar Maine scenes while they fingered Artist Fransioli's *trompe-l'oeil* detail.

In his eight years as a painter, Fransli has done 76 pictures, sold 64 (current prices: \$300 to \$1,200). At 49, he is still looking for change. His two latest canvases—a corner of his bedroom as he sees it when he wakes up in the morning, and a black cat vaguely reflected in a window—have moody overtones suggesting that Fransli may be tending toward introspection. But while he experiments, he will still save his needle-sharp No. 1 brushes for sure-selling landscape commissions and the sunlight-and-shadow world he paints so precisely.

Trend

Which may is U.S. art, art heading? There have been some signs that it is going away from abstraction. But that is not the trend shown by what museums buy. Last week the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center had on view its fifth biennial show of new acquisitions by U.S. museums. Among the 50 pictures by contemporary U.S. painters, 14 works were realistic. Thirteen were completely nonobjective. Of the rest, a majority could be described as semidecipherable, mainly because the artists gave a hint of their meanings by the titles. The titles for James Byrnes of the Fine Arts Center: "Nonobjective painting" is not confined to any one place. It has permeated to the grass roots. Regionalism is essentially dead, and representational painting has almost been submerged. U.S. nonobjective artists are in the forefront of world painting.²⁰

SCRIBES OF OUTLINES

NOWADAYS, artists switch styles as often as their wives change hairdos. But things were slower in Egypt. For 3,000 years, Egyptian artists respected the same old rules. Egypt's painters apparently learned theirs from papyrus scrolls which depicted almost everything they might be commissioned to produce. Art was mostly a matter of faithful copying; those who learned the trade became "scribes of outlines." But the painters who adorned Egypt's tombs had a bit more freedom than her sculptors and architects.

One liberty, which in itself amounted to a convention, was to leave a picture or two in each tomb unfinished. Another was to depict wildlife just as it looks. Third, and most important, there was an occasional flicker of human interest. A farm boy giving up his donkey to the tax collector might be shown pouting; a queen playing chess might assume a mysterious smile; a bureaucrat might be counting on his fingers.

Such details help make Egyptian tomb painting easy for moderns to take. It presents a surprisingly vivid picture of what life in ancient Egypt was like, but color reproductions have been hard to find. A lavishly illustrated book out next week, *Egyptian Painting* (Skira; \$20), will give many readers their first close-up view of the subject. The book concentrates on the necropolis hewn from the hills west of Thebes during the New Kingdom (circa 1500-1100 B.C.). There, over 400 mausoleums

leums deep inside the rock show scenes from the lives of the dead, and of the eternal life they hoped to achieve.

Paintings of the afterlife are minimized in the volume, says Author Arpag Mekhitarian, partly because "our modern sensibility is allergic to these half-human, half-animal beings . . . whose greenish skins signify at once the decomposition of the corpse and the rebirth of vegetable life. From the *Garden of Ialu* (bottom, opposite), the book reproduces only the fraction which shows a man plowing and might be an earthly scene. Actually, Ialu was a forerunner of the Greek Islands of the Blessed. The whole picture shows the souls of a man and wife eternally sowing and reaping and worshipping their gods forever."

Rather than such splendid but esoteric scenes, *Egyptian Painting's* editors chose scores of details which are like peeks into the everyday world of numberless days ago. As the pictures show, hunting, fishing, farming, brickmaking, butchering, carpentering, dancing, drinking, feasting and mourning were essentially the same then as now.

A few of the paintings are masterpieces which bear out a dictum of the sage Ptahhotep (*see hieroglyphics below*): "No limit may be set to art . . ." The majority, however, for all their historical interest, are either stereotyped or clumsy, and illustrate the second half of Ptahhotep's saying: ". . . Neither is there any craftsman that is fully master of his craft."





NILE FISH, painted on tomb wall, celebrate dead man's skill as fisherman, ensure he will not go hungry in spirit world.

EGYPTIAN PAINTING

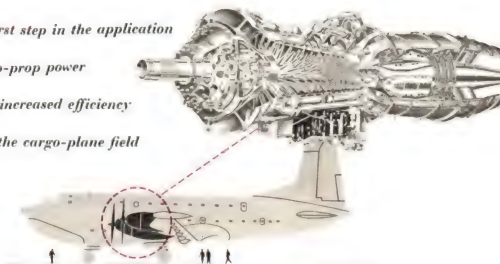


STRIPED CAT, trailed by so-called "Pharaoh's rat" (an ichneumon), stalks fisher birds atop papyrus clump in Theban fresco.

HOMAGE & HARVEST, represented in tones of late afternoon sunlight, form happy images inside burial chamber.



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Recently, the flight of a 200,000-pound sky giant expanded air logistics horizons. Here, utilizing turbo-prop power was the Douglas YC-124B Globemaster.

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surized quarters for crew and attending engineers let them study engine performance and flight characteristics in comfort. Facts gathered to date include an over-all efficiency gain in terms of power, range, and lift per pound of fuel, and point the way to larger, faster and

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This new and advanced application of turbo-prop power is still further evidence of Douglas leadership in aviation. Planes that can fly faster and farther with a bigger payload are a basic rule of Douglas design.



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EDUCATION

The Nation's Bookkeeper

Solemnly holding a copy of the only Bible ever approved by an American Congress,* dapper, dark-haired Lawrence Quincy Mumford, 50, last week swore to perform faithfully one of the most arduous bookkeeping jobs the world has to offer. As the new Librarian of Congress (appointed last April by President Eisenhower), Mumford will preside over the world's largest storehouse of the written word—31,692,000 pieces, including 9,000,000 books, 13 million manuscripts and 412,000 records.

An energetic, reserved North Carolinian who put in 16 years at the New York Public Library, four more as head of Cleveland's library system, Mumford is



LIBRARIAN MUMFORD
Cramps in the study.

the fourth professionally trained librarian to get the profession's top job—and the scrambled heritage that goes with it. Established by Congress in 1800, the library could at first muster only 1,000 volumes, tucked away for congressional reference in a room of the old Capitol. Even this meager collection was virtually wiped out when the British put Washington to the torch during the War of 1812. Only ex-President Thomas Jefferson's offer of his 6,000 volumes in 1814 kept the idea of a national library from expiring; even so, successive Congresses were reluctant to increase the annual budget. By 1853, occupying its own rooms (now offices) in the Capitol, the library contained but 35,000 volumes, no match for the great state collections of France and Britain. As U.S.

publishing expanded after the Civil War, so did the library's literary holdings, but not until 1886 did Congress provide any substantial amount of funds to build the vast-domed, granite library building (completed in 1899) east of the Capitol.

Today, despite the addition of a \$10 million annex, the library is hard put to preserve, store and display its growing hoard. For lack of personnel, books from its stacks cannot be issued after 6 p.m. Its 2,300,000 maps need far more space. For lack of funds, its collection of 2,234,000 photos and slides is kept filed away instead of being exhibited throughout the country. Despite President Eisenhower's request for more funds, the 83rd Congress has appropriated only \$8,965,000—a decrease of 5%—to help new Librarian Mumford take care of the nation's cramped study.

Conservative & Resigned

At Iowa State College last week, some 800 delegates, claiming to represent 300,000 U.S. college undergraduates, wound up the annual congress of the U.S. National Student Association. In ten days of argument and discussion, resolutions and amendments, one thing was clear: there was not a wild eye in the house. The N.S.A., born in 1947 to a rough and tumble fight over controversial issues (e.g., racial discrimination, banning of Communist teachers, etc.) had gone conservative, in expression even more than in politics.

When one group proposed to seek a U.S.-Russian student-exchange program to further "communication"—a surefire controversy in 1948—there was little inflamed oratory. The motion was merely voted down, 235-60. An almost inevitable resolution on segregation packed a surprise: it was far milder than the U.S. Supreme Court ban, was challenged only by four Northern delegates—for its severity, Joe McCarthy was routinely deplored, rather than denounced; not even a stout-hearted right-winger rose to Red-bait in reply. Nor did the students spend much time discussing the vagaries of the draft and U.M.T. (rejected by N.S.A. in 1952). Said one N.S.A. officer: "We're pretty well resigned to all that."

Action Report

Although the Supreme Court has yet to decree how its sweeping decision against school segregation shall be put into effect, the decision was felt nonetheless last week as the U.S. opened its new school term. Items:

Q In Montgomery, Ala., 23 Negro children showed up at the new William R. Harrison elementary school, were barred on the grounds that they lived in another school district. Representing the children and their parents, Attorney Nesbitt Elmore declared: "We definitely plan to take the issue into court."

Q In once-segregated Hobbs, N. Mex. (just four miles from the Texas border),

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white and Negro children quietly went off to school together without incident, despite the warnings of the Rev. William (Bill) Carter, who had declared that the town would explode into violence. Local police refused to get hysterical, kept extra patrol cars and men inconspicuous, and the local district attorney quieted Carter with a warning that he would be held responsible for any outbreaks.

¶ In Austin, Texas, Marion G. Ford, a Negro, applied for admission as an undergraduate chemical engineering student at the University of Texas. Open only to Negro graduate students since 1930, the university first notified Ford that he had been accepted, later sent him a letter: "Prairie View A. & M. College [Negro] will offer all the required courses of study for your freshman year . . . After you have completed your first year's work [at that school], you may apply here for admission . . . In view of the above [we] regret to advise you that your acceptance notice is hereby canceled . . ."

Under New Management

To the casual passer-by, everything looked normal around the University of Maryland's treeless new Georgian campus at College Park last week. Fall classes had yet to begin, but in Byrd Stadium, Football Coach Jim Tatum ran his 54-man squad (Pennsylvania mining and mill-town boys outnumber the 10 home-state boys) through first practice with high hopes of repeating his undefeated 1953 season. But across campus, in an ornate, walnut-paneled office, the U. of M.'s new president, Wilson Homer Elkins, 46, held his first press conference. Said he casually: "I don't think that a university can continue on top, year after year, in football and not impair its educational program."

Trim, stocky Wilson Elkins could hardly have found a better way to emphasize that Maryland is under new management. His predecessor, Harry ("Curly") Byrd, was a onetime Maryland coach (1913-34) who had set out after World War II, with alumni support, to get Maryland the best football team that money could buy. Over the years, he talked legislators into ever greater appropriations for the University of Maryland, and paid them in a current coin: football victories. When he resigned last January, after 18 years as U. of M. president, to run for governor on the Democratic ticket, Curly Byrd's football team (in five years, 43 victories, six defeats) was the nation's best. The university had been transformed from a small agricultural school into a sprawling, Midwestern-style campus with 25,000 students, a host of professional schools and thriving branches (for the armed forces) on four continents.

But in building Maryland's great football teams and physical plant (e.g., a \$375,000 hen house for poultry students, the \$1,000,000 Byrd Stadium), Booster Byrd did little for the U. of M.'s reputation as an incubator of academic learning. Most scholars gave Maryland a wide berth, and of last year's 2,045 graduates,





MARYLAND'S ELKINS
Imbalance in the hen house.

only 373 received degrees in the arts and sciences.

President Elkins is determined to add academic luster to Maryland's plant and prowess. A star quarterback at the University of Texas and a onetime Rhodes Scholar, he came to Maryland after five years as president of Texas Western College (2,000 students). Well aware of Curly Byrd's "enviable contributions," he has no intention of plowing under the football team, concedes realistically that to attain distinction, a university needs endowment, and good football teams stimulate endowment giving. But in putting the accent on "distinction," he plans "a strong academic program," library expansion, and increased discussion of controversial subjects in the classroom. A Phi Beta Kappa himself, he also has a special goal: to raise Maryland's academic standing so that, like more than 150 other colleges and universities, it will be qualified to award Phi Beta Kappa keys.

Maryland was not alone in plotting new directions. Last week the University of Chicago, which has long given short shrift to teacher training, announced that teachers, and students preparing to teach would henceforth only have to pay half tuition (\$345-\$560).

University of Chicago administrators have been increasingly worried about 1) the shortage of teachers in U.S. elementary and secondary schools, 2) the legacy of heavy academic theory left behind by ex-President and Chancellor (1929-51) Robert Hutchins. Starting with the cut-rate tuition plan, Chancellor Lawrence Kimpton (TIME, April 23, 1941) hopes to build a reputation for practical civic-mindedness, attract a larger proportion of so-called "All-American" students, is even toying with the idea of restoring Chicago's participation in intercollegiate football, banned in 1939.



Second secretary saves new dealer contract!

The Directors were meeting at 11 am, to put the Big Okay on our new dealer contract. At 9:31, in comes Judge Sorghum, our legal beagle, with a lot of changes in the contract.

P. J. Peebles, our Pres., panicked freely. "We'll never get revised copies in time," he said.

But Miss Fraise, his second secretary, said "Gimme the Judge's script." She rat-tatted off the changes, and dashed out.

At 10:54 she was back with a dozen new Ozalid copies of the contract. "I begged the use of a Bambino next door!" she said.

"Good girl," said Mr. Peebles happily. "By the way, what is a Bambino . . . ?"

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STATE OF BUSINESS

Rising Barometer

One of the best barometers of current business is the construction industry, and last week the construction barometer was still rising. The Departments of Commerce and Labor reported August construction at \$3.6 billion, an alltime high, up 3% from July (the previous record month) and up a full 8% over August 1953. In the first eight months of 1954, construction totaled \$23.7 billion, another alltime record, 4% above the comparable period last year. Construction is still going up on a solid foundation, e.g., private

AUTOMOBILES

Ford Stock for Sale?

Old Henry Ford never liked outside stockholders in his company. He quarreled bitterly with them from 1903 until 1919, when he paid \$75 million to get rid of them once and for all. But since his death in 1947 automen have often heard rumors that Ford Co. stock would be put on the market. Each time, the rumors were false. Last week the rumor was going around again, and this time Henry Ford II conceded that it was "pretty reliable." However, said Henry Ford II, "the stock which may be put up for sale is owned by the

lose control of the company. Henry II, brothers Benson and William, their mother and sister own only 172,645 shares of Class B stock (at present the only voting stock). Thus it looked as if the foundation stock, when and if it goes on the market, would be nonvoting.

In its September issue, FORTUNE gives the latest estimate of the state of the Ford Motor Co. Gross sales are running at an annual rate of \$4 billion—profits at \$15 million a month after taxes. In sales, Ford has pulled ahead of U.S. Steel, is running neck and neck with Standard Oil Co. (N.J.) for second place (after General Motors). Most of Ford's plants are new; the others are completely modernized. One-fourth of Ford's \$1.5 billion postwar profits have been paid out in dividends. For one single year (1950) the Ford Foundation received a dividend check of \$86.6 million, or \$28 a share. At the end of 1953, net worth of the company had risen to an all-time high of some \$1.4 billion, and profits last year were \$175 million. For the first half of 1954 the Ford car was in first place in sales—1.1% ahead of Chevy.



FORD'S WILLIAM, BENSON & HENRY II
They passed the Chevrolet.

residences, highway building and public-utility improvements.

There were other hints last week of a continuing boom for business. With the auto industry getting ready to buy steel for 1955 models, steel production is beginning to pick up, as steelmen had predicted it would rise to 64.8% of capacity from 63.5% the week before. Jobs were becoming more plentiful, too. For the sixth consecutive week the Labor Department reported a decline in new claims for unemployment benefits. Business failures were down to 184, the year's new low; department-store sales and installment buying were up.

Even the stock market, after its 12-month rise, seemed full of steam. At the start of the week, the market had its sharpest break in three months when the Dow-Jones industrial average tumbled almost nine points in two days. But next day the market surged back, and by week's end industrials were back to 343.10, a loss of only 1.25 points for the week.

Ford Foundation. The Ford Motor Co. is planning no sale of stock." Four Ford Foundation trustees² are now studying ways and means to put Ford stock on the open market.

The foundation, whose principal asset is the 1,080,000 shares of Class A (non-voting) Ford stock,³ would like to diversify this investment. But the foundation, if and when it puts a part of its holdings up for sale, faces a problem. The stock at present has no voting rights, thus no voice in management. Nonvoting common stock cannot be listed on the New York Stock Exchange, although it can go on the American Exchange. On the other hand, if voting rights are granted to the public shares, it is probable that the Ford family would

GOVERNMENT

50-50 Decision

When the Foreign Operations Administration granted India \$20 million last December to renovate its creaky railway system, it planned to buy 100 locomotives and 5,000 cars at the lowest possible price. But when FOA asked for bids from railroad equipment shops around the world, it ran into trouble. The bids from U.S. builders were about twice as high as those from foreign competition (TIME, Sept. 6). The domestic makers, who need the business, and labor unions put the pressure on FOA Boss Harold Stassen for the contracts.

Last week Stassen found a way out of the dilemma: he decided to split the orders 50-50 at home and abroad. This meant that the Government would have to put up an extra \$7,000,000 to make up for the higher cost of the U.S. products. FOA's policy in the future, declared Stassen, would be to continue buying competitively on the free-world markets. But the policy would be tempered where necessary to help U.S. industries suffering from unemployment.

UTILITIES

End of a Feud

In the hills of eastern Kentucky, the fight between the Kentucky Utilities Co. and public power groups has been almost as bitter as the famed Hatfield-McCoy feud. For 13 years the rural electric cooperatives and the private power company have blocked each other's expansion in the courts and before the state Public Utilities Commission. As a result, cus-

² H. Rowan Gaither, president of the Ford Foundation; James F. Brownlee, partner of J. H. Whitney & Co.; John J. McCloy, chairman of the Chase National Bank; Charles E. Wilson, chairman of W. R. Grace & Co.

³ Carried on the books at \$100 a share, a value not setting Henry Ford's estate.

tomers suffered with poor service at high cost. Last week the feud finally ended. Kentucky Utilities had a precedent-setting, ten-year agreement with 15 local cooperatives to exchange generating and transmission facilities. And the generators were turned on in a brand-new steam power plant at Ford, Ky. Built by the East Kentucky Rural Electric Cooperative Corp., it will also supply surplus power to the Kentucky Utilities Co., after meeting needs of its own customers.

Get-Together. The peacemaker in the feud was Ancher Nelson, 49, a plain-spoken Minnesota Republican who was a farmer until he was appointed by President Eisenhower last year to replace one-time Agricultural Secretary Claude Wickard as boss of the Rural Electrification Administration. Shortly after he went into office, heads of the East Kentucky cooperative sought him out to plead their case in the long fight. The REA had authorized \$28 million in loans to build a power plant at Ford and 798 miles of transmission line. But after giving the co-ops \$15 million, the Government agency had stopped handing out cash, pending the outcome of the drawn-out court fight with the private company. The co-ops wanted the rest of the money. But the private companies objected; they charged that the new lines were wasteful because they would duplicate their old ones.

Nelson, mindful of the Administration's policy of partnership between public and private utilities, suggested that the two sides get together. They reluctantly consented, met in Washington and in Frankfort, Ky., spent most of their time scowling at each other across the table. Finally, they agreed to let power experts see if a solution could be worked out from an engineering standpoint. The engineers, unconcerned with the high-level wrangling, drew up a plan to integrate the public and private power systems.

Power Pattern. To both sides it made such good sense that they agreed to interconnect the systems at 10 different points. Each would help the other at periods of peak loads, thus lessening breakdowns and power shortages. The cooperatives would abandon plans for 292 miles of lines, use the \$3,000,000 saved to increase capacity of the new plant at Ford. With peace in sight, the Government released the remaining \$13,299,000 of its loan to the cooperatives so that they could further expand the Ford plant and complete their transmission system.

To keep power generation balanced between public and private utilities, the next big addition to the combined system's generating capacity will be built by the private companies. Best of all, wholesale power costs to the cooperatives will drop from 11 mills to 8½ mills a kw-hr. Said Ancher Nelson: "The agreement might well become a pattern for other states with power supply and cost problems in rural areas."

FAIR TRADE LAW REPEAL may be recommended by Attorney General Herbert Brownell's committee on antitrust laws and enforcement. After a year's study, the committee of 60 lawyers, businessmen and industrialists is expected to deliver a highly critical report on the 1952 McGuire Fair Trade Act, which sanctioned price-fixing between manufacturers and retailers.

CONRAD HILTON, who bought out the ten Statler hotels (for \$8,000,000 down, \$70 million on credit) only last month, will soon sell them to private investors and insurance companies, lease them back to operate. Hilton, who wants to avoid issuing more Hilton stock to finance his purchase, will retain full operational control.

P. W. WOOLWORTH CO. will soon branch out into Mexico. Woolworth has bought Mexico City sites for three dime stores (to cost \$1,200,000), will open the first in 1955, may eventually expand to 20 stores in Mexico.

SURPLUS REAL ESTATE owned by the U.S. Government will be sold through private real-estate agents, now that Congress has provided the money to pay them regular commissions (up to 10% of sales). Among the 278 properties coming up for sale (original cost, \$235 million): two quarantine stations in New York harbor; a 369-acre island off the coast of Maine; the Army's 800-acre Camp Ellis, Ill.

JET TRANSPORT, which Douglas Aircraft Co. has spent three years and nearly \$3,000,000 designing, is ready to be built. But Douglas wants a Government order to help foot the bill. The DC-8 is expected to match Boeing's 707 (TIME, July 19) by carrying up to 130 passengers, cruising at 550 m.p.h., flying the Atlantic Ocean nonstop against winter headwinds.

LUMBER STRIKE, which started 2½ months ago when some 100,000 Pacific Northwest lumbermen walked

out for a 12.5¢ hourly wage boost, is ending with little gain for the workers. About half the strikes were settled piecemeal, with raises averaging 5¢ an hour. The other strikers are expected to go back to work at pre-strike wages, let a fact-finding board recommend a settlement.

LATEST STEEL merger may be blocked by the U.S. Justice Department. Worried that the combine of second-place Bethlehem Steel Corp. (after U.S. Steel) and sixth-place Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co. might restrict competition, Antitrust Chief Stanley Barnes is holding up approval, may carry his problem to President Eisenhower.

COFFEE PRICES, pulled down by an abrupt slide in wholesale prices (TIME, Aug. 30), dipped below \$1 a pound in most stores. Retail prices may go even lower because U.S. Agriculture Department crop reporters predict a surplus next year.

VOLKSWAGEN is selling so well that the company is two to five months behind with orders. Volkswagenwerk Boss Heins Nordhoff (TIME, Feb. 15) expects to roll out 235,000 cars this year, sell 45% outside Germany (7,200 in the U.S.).

TURBOPROP SUPER CONNIE, world's fastest propeller transport, was flight-tested by Lockheed Aircraft Corp. Built for the U.S. Navy, the new R7V-2 is equipped with four 5,500-h.p. Pratt & Whitney T-34 turboprop engines, has a payload of 16 tons, a top cruising speed of 440 m.p.h.

ROBERT R. YOUNG is working on plans to build a new skyscraper to replace New York City's Grand Central Terminal. At Young's request Webb & Knapp President William Zeckendorf looked over the property, estimated the railroad could put up a 5,000,000-sq.-ft. office building (biggest in the world) over Grand Central, thereby offset the terminal's annual \$24 million loss and turn in a neat profit.

BUSINESS ABROAD

Oil in the Wastelands

On the Paris Stock Exchange six months ago, shares in Esso Standard of France were selling for \$27. Last week the same shares had risen to \$160. Reason for the sixfold increase: Esso France had struck a rich oil field southwest of Bordeaux. It was the first major oil discovery in French history, and crude production from Esso France's first two producing wells is already up to 5,400 bbls. a day, vs. 7,000 bbls. from all other wells in France.

The strike was made in Les Landes (The Wastelands), a barren, 110-mile-long strip of sand dunes and pines along the Bay of Biscay inhabited up to now chiefly by woodcutters and sheepherders.

Geologists had long suspected that there was oil beneath the pines and sand dunes. But the French had not been able to find it.

Four years ago, Esso France—63% owned by Standard Oil Co. (N.J.), 18% by Gulf Oil Corp., 19% by French individuals—got permission from the French government to explore 4,300,000 acres of Les Landes. In exchange, the company agreed to give the French government 10% of the stock in any exploitation company. The venture started inauspiciously. The first well 30 miles south of Bordeaux was dry. Then the rig was moved to the village of Parentis (pop. 998), about 44 miles southwest of Bordeaux.

Drilling began at Parentis last fall, and at 7,380 ft., Esso France found what it called "an excellent crude, similar to the

EMPLOYEE RECREATION

Yachts & Country Clubs Help Production

THE American worker is the most pampered in the world. U.S. industry pays him the world's highest wage scales, then shells out another \$25 billion a year (or about \$1 for every \$5 paid in payrolls) for such fringe benefits as pensions, paid vacations and welfare funds. But the real frosting on the cake is a vast assortment of "extras," and ranging all the way from equipment for lunch-hour ball games to employee country clubs and yacht clubs with company-owned fleets of yachts.

At the start, such special frills were sometimes offered just to ward off unionization. Later, during the war, when wages were frozen and new workers hard to find, the companies with the most extra benefits got the best selection of workers. Since then, many firms have become convinced that a good recreation program pays off in more ways than just at the personnel office. It not only helps them hang on to their good workers, but also pays off in productivity if employees are provided with the facilities to relax and get away from the job in their off time.

Employee recreation got its start when Chicago Railroad Car Builder George Pullman passed out some baseball equipment to the men in his shop in 1883. By last year it had snowballed to the point where 30,000 U.S. companies spent \$800 million on recreation—50% higher than in 1948. The National Industrial Recreation Association, organized by 14 companies in 1941, now has 300 members.

Baseball teams and bowling leagues are by no means the only things that companies offer. For its 12,000 Dayton workers, National Cash Register Co. runs a 166-acre park with picnic grounds, swimming pool and two 18-hole golf courses, is now planning a field house for winter sports. International Business Machines Corp. has three country clubs for its workers, charges membership fees of \$1 a year for employees, \$1 for wives (or husbands), and 25¢ for each child. Detroit Edison Co. and Standard Oil Co. of California provide yacht clubs. The employee-run Convair Recreation Association owns a 125-acre ranch and a rodeo arena. At least five Atlanta firms have built private parks for their employees at nearby Allatoona Lake.

The costs of these programs can be nominal or, as in the case of Standard Oil of California, they can reach as high as \$150,000 a year. In Los Angeles the McCulloch Motors Corp. provides facilities for most popular sports, sponsors such activities as skiing and square

dances, and has a \$1,000,000 employee recreation hall with twelve bowling alleys and a low-cost, open-air cafeteria (typical three-course lunch: 78¢). Recently, an employees' committee asked for additional benefits, including pensions and sick leave. The company explained that its present program, which costs 56¢ per hour per employee, was all that it could afford. When it offered to substitute the new benefits for some that the workers already enjoyed, the employees decided that they did not want to give up anything in the company program.

Such programs are by no means universal. In heavily unionized cities such as Pittsburgh and Detroit, extra benefits are less common. Workers in big cities are less likely to want company-sponsored recreational facilities. Moreover, the unions fight for the loyalty of their members, try to incorporate extras into their contracts, and often have their own recreation programs, such as that of Detroit's big U.A.W. Local 600 at Ford.

Many workers look with suspicion on company recreation, say that they would rather get the extra money in their paychecks. To avoid the company stamp, many a corporation works out ways to let employees finance their own programs. A sizable share of the money often comes from plant vending-machine profits (about \$100,000 a year for the Convair Recreation Association). Another way to remove the stigma of paternalism is to let workers run the program. At Chicago's Bell & Howell Co. the employee recreation corporation has only three management members on the 15-man board.

Workers and unions are not the only ones to be suspicious of such programs: many a company still takes a dim view of them. Looking at the elaborate fringe benefits of neighboring firms, the head of a Los Angeles aircraft subcontracting firm snorted: "What the hell are those guys in business for—the benefit of their employees?"

But more and more companies are coming around to the view that pampering pays. In the traditionally low-paying insurance business, which pioneered in pensions and sick benefits, some new frills are being added. In Houston the Prudential Insurance Co. of America two years ago put up a \$9,000,000 building with a swimming pool, outdoor lounge and free-lunch cafeteria. The company now has a waiting list for clerical help. Says Prudential Vice President Charles Fleetwood: "This building is one of the biggest bargains we ever got."

best Venezuelan crude." Parentis No. 1 is now pumping 3,000 bbls. a day.

Esso France's second drilling at Parentis hit water, but a fortnight ago a well drilled at a third site came in, is now pumping at a rate of 2,400 bbls. a day. Says Esso France's President Serge Scheer: "Parentis No. 1 is already the richest well in all France. But we are still unable to say exactly how far the layer of oil extends below the sandy surface. We are currently boring well No. 4 [down to 6,232 ft. last week], and by March we expect to have six or seven wells in this region. Only then can we venture a definite estimate as to the extent of the discovery."

High Hope in Cuba

Cuba is rich in sugar, tobacco and hand-leaders. But it lacks the oil needed to industrialize its economy. Up to this year, only 33 wells have been drilled on the island, and production is still only a drop in the oilcan compared with Cuba's daily consumption of 50,000 bbls.

Since the government opened the door to foreign exploration capital this summer, U.S. oilmen have been filling Havana with ten-gallon hats and billion-barrel talk. Last week a band of ten Latin American and U.S. businessmen flew into Havana to promote the development of the country's oil resources. Among the officers of the newly chartered Cuban-Colombian Petroleum Co.: Board Chairman Joseph W. Frazer, once of Kaiser-Frazer Corp., who now heads a uranium company; Director John A. Roosevelt, youngest of F.D.R.'s four sons, whose business ventures have ranged from department stores to home permanent waves; President Octavio Reyes Espinola, onetime Mexican Ambassador to Cuba and a close associate of Cuban President Fulgencio Batista.

The company has \$2,500,000 in capital, much of it raised from Cuban investors, and a Cuban government loan of \$150,000 for drilling. Under the terms of last month's decree designed to stimulate development of the island's oil resources, the loan need not be repaid unless the prospectors strike oil. With close to a million acres under lease in the central Jatibonico Basin, where a wildcat syndicate last May opened up the country's first sizable oilfield, Cuban-Colombian agreed last week to drill six 4,000-ft. wells when geological surveys are completed.

FISHERIES

Return of the Salmon

In weather-beaten fishing towns from Anacortes, Wash. to New Westminster, B.C., fishermen last week toasted each other in Slovenian, Norwegian and English. Not for 41 years had such hordes of salmon swarmed through Puget Sound on their way to their spawning grounds far up British Columbia's Fraser River.

In the choppy sound, purse seiners worked all night hauling in blue-backed sockeye salmon. One boat brought in



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SURGE — A PROBLEM IN GAS TURBINES

Even light air passing in and out of your bedroom window may cause it to vibrate and rattle. Think how a blast of hurricane strength would shake it!

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Because of more than a decade of experience in the highly specialized field of small turbomachinery.

AiResearch engineers were able to design and build a two-stage auxiliary gas turbine with controls that eliminate surge over a broad range of operation. Simple and reliable, this gas turbine is in operation now when it is critically needed.

This is another example of how the AiResearch team — through research, engineering and manufacturing — is solving tomorrow's problems today in many complex fields.

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THE DAY THE ROOF BLEW OFF!

by
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President
Stitzel-Weller
(Old Fitzgerald)
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Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



They tell the story of the old Scotch distiller who visited Kentucky during the big blow of 1890.

The cyclone hit just as he was inspecting one of our open-type bourbon warehouses. As a section of roof flew past his head he asked his guide "Dinna ye overdo ventilation in this country a wee bit?"

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Our warehouses are the open-rick type especially designed and constructed to take full advantage of our Kentucky climate.

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It is this gentle ebb and flow over the long aging period which brilliantly colors and mellows our old fashioned whiskey.

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We invite you to join the inner circle of business executives who have discovered the oak-ripened excellence of our Old Fitzgerald, and find it good business to share, in moderation, with associates and friends.

*Bonded 100 Proof Original Sour
Mash Kentucky Straight Bourbon*



FISHERMEN NETTING SOCKEYE ON PUGET SOUND
Toasts in Slovenian, Norwegian and English.

\$21,000 worth, then headed out again. Wharves and packing plants were soon piled high with sockeye, whose firm red meat makes it a fine canning fish. In Bellingham, Wash. housewives were drafted to help in the crowded canneries; in Anacortes children were excused from school to help. In two weeks U.S. and Canadian fishermen hauled out 7,500,000 fish worth \$2 each, expected to land another 2,500,000, v. last year's total haul of 4,000,000. It was the biggest haul of Fraser sockeye since 1913's alltime record of 30 million. It was also spectacular proof of the success of the Northwest's fish restoration program.

In 1913 the river was blocked by slides, and fish runs dwindled disastrously. To lure them back, the International (U.S. & Canadian) Pacific Salmon Fisheries Commission was formed in 1937, and ten years later had completed concrete fishways around the impassable stretches to help the salmon go upriver. Each year since then, the fish have swarmed back in ever-greater numbers (TIME, Oct. 3). Loyd A. Royal, U.S. biologist who heads the commission's scientific staff, believes that after a few more spawning cycles (four years), the annual catch will top 25 million, divided equally between fishermen of both countries.

The successful fish restoration project has already prompted rehabilitation of British Columbia's salmon-sterile Quesnel River, where a 2,000,000 yield is expected in 1957. A \$1,300,000 fishway-building program is under way to bring salmon back to the once-prolific waters of rivers in the state of Washington. Industry and government studies have also been started of Alaska's icy rivers, where this year's sockeye catch was skimpy for the second successive season. But thanks to the commission's fishways, 90% of the U.S. salmon pack this year will be sockeye, spawned in the Fraser.

THE ECONOMY

Bigness & Competition

Almost 100 years ago, Karl Marx predicted that the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few individuals and businesses would speed up the decay of the competitive free-enterprise system. Ever since, many Americans who never read Marx and who believe firmly in the free-enterprise system have feared that the same thing might happen. Last week a man who should know tried to lay the fear to rest. He is Economist A.D.H. Kaplan, who spent seven years studying business for the Brookings Institution and who published his findings last week in a new book, *Big Enterprise in a Competitive System*.

While corporations have grown much bigger, says Economist Kaplan, the number competing with each other has also grown. Where, 53 years ago, there were only four industrial companies with assets of more than \$200 million, in 1945 there were 15 with assets of more than \$1 billion, and more than twice as many with assets above \$500 million. At the same time, the total number of businesses has grown faster than the population, increasing from 15.4 per 1,000 persons to 19.7.

Giant Killers. What has happened to the giants of the early 1900s? Of the 10 largest industrial corporations in 1900, only 36 appeared on a similar list drawn up for 1945. U.S. Steel dropped from first place to third; Standard Oil (later Jers Standard) moved up from second to first. Most swings were much wider. Sears, Roebuck rose from 42nd to 13th. Western Electric from 51st to 14th and Texas Co. from 87th to sixth, while Pullman Co. dropped from eighth to 81st. Singer Manufacturing from 13th to 79th and Pittsburgh Coal (now Pittsburgh Consolidation Coal) from 15th to 94th. Five companies among the first ten on the 1900

list (General Motors, second; Standard Oil of Indiana, fourth; Socony-Vacuum Oil, fifth; Du Pont, eighth; Ford Motor Co., tenth) did not even appear among the first 100 in 1909. Says Kaplan: "Industrial leadership at the big business level is precarious."

In the 39-year period, the 100 largest increased their share of the total assets of all corporations in their fields, but the increase was only from 24.6% in 1909 to 26.7% in 1948. Moreover, their share of income dropped from 31.1% in 1909 (and 43.4% in 1929) to 30.1%.

Competitive Change. Competition has meant great changes for whole industries as well as for individual companies. In 1909 the iron and steel industry held 30.8% of the assets of the 100 largest companies. By 1948 this was down to 12%, while the petroleum industry shot up from 8% to 26%.

Far from stifling free enterprise, big business has given it more vitality through research and the introduction of new products. Aside from the Government, only big business can afford "to convert [original ideas] into market realities." Says Kaplan: "Big business . . . makes a contribution to the total economy that cannot be made by smaller-scale enterprises and that . . . should not be added to the burden of the state . . . Big business has not merely been kept effectively subject to a competitive system; on the whole it has also made an essential contribution to its scope, vitality and effectiveness."

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

□ Donald W. Nyrop, 42, was elected president of Northwest Airlines. A one-time chief of the Civil Aeronautics Authority (1950-51) and later chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board (1951-52).



Timothy Weber

NORTHWEST'S NYROP
In for a rough fight.



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BOTANY'S SONNABEND
For a sick plant, a Southern exposure.

Nyrop was in for a rough flight. Northwest's most pressing problem is its need for new planes. It will have to borrow \$10 million to pay for four new Super Constellations to be delivered early next year. Probably will have to spend additional millions to expand its air fleet. Other worries stemmed from 1) the Government's cut in Northwest's domestic-mail pay from 55¢ a ton-mile to 45¢ this year, and 2) Pan American's application to fly the great-circle route from the U.S. north to the Orient, hitherto exclusively flown by Northwest. Nyrop, who is confident he can solve the troubles, began his career by studying law at George Washington University while a Senate elevator boy, joined the legal staff of newly created CAB in 1939. At CAA he whittled the budget by \$15 million; at CAB he cut mail payments by \$13 million annually and got the carriers to kick back \$11 million already paid out.

¶ A. M. Sonnabend, 57, was elected board chairman of Botany Mills of Passaic, N.J., which has lost \$7,000,000 in the past two years. The president of the Childs Co. restaurant chain, and also of a string of hotels (e.g., Chicago's Edgewater Beach, Manhattan's Plaza and Ritz Tower). Sonnabend first got interested in textiles this year, when he supported Textron's attempt to take over American Woolen. Recent purchases of Botany stock gave him working control of the company along with Philadelphia's H. Daroff & Sons, maker of men's suits. To get Botany on its feet, he has plans to merge a middle-sized, prosperous firm (e.g., Daroff) with Botany, to take advantage of the large tax-loss carry forward. He is also thinking of putting Botany's modern machinery in a new, streamlined plant in the South.

¶ Leon Lowenstein, 71, was elected board chairman of Wamsutta Mills of New Bedford, Mass. He remains chairman of M. Lowenstein & Sons, Inc., the big cotton

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clothmaker, which recently bought control of Wamsutta (TIME, Aug. 30). Joseph Axelrod will stay as president, but Lowenstein and six of his top executives will sit on the ten-man board.

HOUSING

Word from Justice

Federal Housing Administration and Justice Department officials were plainly worried about the congressional uproar over the housing scandals (TIME, April 26, July 17). Some Senators complained publicly that the Administration had done little to check fraud in the program. Last week Justice set the record straight. In the past 20 months it has obtained 74 criminal indictments against 136 promoters suspected of building and repair frauds — and won 67 convictions.

Then, to show that it really meant business, Justice announced that it was carefully investigating top Government housing officials suspected of extending favors to private builders (e.g., ex-FHA Assistant Commissioner Clyde L. Powell, who ducked behind the Fifth Amendment when Senators quizzed him). Justice indicated that there soon would be more indictments.

None of the indictments to date concerned the well-publicized windfall profits siphoned off from FHA-backed apartment mortgages. Most of them related to the Title I home-improvement program, which offered wide opportunities to veteran craftsmen. The sharpers obtained loan money by inflating estimates of construction costs, supplying fictitious credit ratings, forging signatures on notes, faking project-completion certificates, etc. Some of the loans were diverted to making auto and alimony payments, and even to paying gambling debts.

GOODS & SERVICES

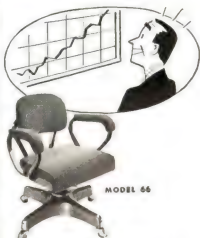
New Ideas

Atomic Deposits. For those who want to protect documents and other valuables from atom bombs, the Railway Express Agency has set up a service to seal them in bombproof, ventilated concrete vaults deep inside Iron Mountain, near Hudson, N.Y. Customers pack their possessions in cylindrical metal containers three inches in diameter, one foot long. Rental: \$10 the first year, \$5 thereafter.

Frozen-Food Saw. A toothed knife to cut frozen food was put on the market by W. R. Case & Sons Co. of Bradford, Pa. "Freez-Cut," which leaves no ragged edges, also cuts through bone. Price: \$3.95.

Guaranteed Holiday. An insurance policy giving \$10,000 death coverage and up to \$250 for injuries incurred in holiday-heavy traffic was put on sale by Chicago's Continental Casualty Co. Beneficiaries may collect after any one of nine major holidays. Premium: \$5 per annum.

Frozen Flapjacks. Prebaked, frozen pancakes, which are warmed up in an electric toaster, are being tested at retail for the first time by Chicago's Quaker Oats Co. Price: 19¢ for a package of four.



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AJ-1 Savage — Holder of many Navy "firsts"... the AJ-1 Attack Bomber was the first Navy plane designed to carry the A-Bomb... and first plane of its size to land on a "flat top." Weighing in at 15 tons, unloaded, the Savage is powered by 1 jet and 2 reciprocating engines and carries a crew of 3.



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BY O. SOGLOW



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MILESTONES

Born. To Thomas Dubois Hormel, 24, heir to the Hormel (meat packing) millions, and Simone Mostovoy, 21, onetime Parisian ballerina: their first child, a daughter, first grandchild of the late Jay Hormel (see below); in Hollywood. Name: Michelle Victoria. Weight: 5 lbs. 5 oz.

Died. Geraldine Carr, 37, the gabby Mabel of TV's popular *I Married Joan*; in a midnight automobile crash on Laurel Canyon Boulevard; in Hollywood.

Died. Burnet Rhett Maybank, 55, genial, aristocratic onetime (1939-41) governor of South Carolina, longtime (1941-54) U.S. Senator; of a heart ailment; in Flat Rock, N.C. (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

Died. Irwin Edman, 57, witty, erudite chairman (1945-53) of Columbia University's philosophy department (a critic called him a "blend of Plato, Santayana and Manhattan") and frequent panelist on radio's *Invitation to Learning* and TV's *Author Meets the Critics*; of a heart ailment; in Manhattan.

Died. Bert Acosta, 50, pilot of the historic multi-engine flight across the Atlantic (1927) with Admiral Richard E. Byrd and Bernt Balchen; of tuberculosis; in Denver. At 14 (in 1910), Acosta built and flew his own plane, went on to establish a world's speed record (176.7 m.p.h.) at 26 and endurance record (51 hr. 11 min. 25 sec.) at 32; in later life, despite hard times and family problems, wound up with a legendary reputation for expert piloting and artful risk-taking (e.g., he once buzzed Manhattan's Metropolitan Life tower to see what time it was).

Died. Jay Catherwood Hormel, 61, board chairman of George A. Hormel & Co.; of a heart ailment; in Austin, Minn. As a World War I lieutenant in the Quartermaster Corps, Hormel won the plaudits of the brass by showing meat packers how to bone beef before it was shipped overseas (saving 40% in cargo space), came home to make a fortune for his father's meat-packing company and fame of a different sort in World War II by inventing Spam, a canned pork product, which became the ubiquitous item on Allied military menus the world over. In 1941 Iconoclast Hormel shocked fellow packers by initiating a radical annual-wage plan to help his employees ride out seasonal employment fluctuations. Later expanded benefit programs to include joint-earnings systems and a profit-sharing trust, took unceasing pride in his claim that no Hormel executive ever lived more than a block away from a Hormel C.I.O. worker.

Died. Eugene Pallette, 65, rotund (285 lbs.), sandpaper-voiced Hollywood character actor; of cancer; in Los Angeles. Born in Winfield, Kans., where his actor-parents were playing a one-night stand in *East Lynne*, Actor Pallette made more

than 1200 films, first as a juvenile lead in the Norma Talmadge era, later as an archetypal funny fatman (*The Ghost Goes West, Heaven Can Wait*).

Died. Struthers Burt, 71, Baltimore-born novelist (*Along These Streets*), lecturer and loving chronicler of Americana; after long illness; in Jackson, Wyo.

Died. Aw Boon Haw, 72, fabulously wealthy Hong Kong Chinese (donation to charity alone: \$20 million) of a heart ailment; in Honolulu. Son of a Rangoon herb dealer, genial Philanthropist Haw parlayed a patent medicine named Tiger Balm into an Asian empire embracing hotels, breweries, factories and a string of newspapers; spent his money building more than 300 schools and hospitals (his announced goal: 1,100), promoting Chinese nationalism (he gave the Chungking government \$4,000,000 to aid in the war against Japan) and ornamenting his showpiece estates in Hong Kong and Singapore.

Died. Rachel, Lady MacRobert, 74, who gave her home and \$180,000 to the R.A.F. after her three pilot sons were killed (one in a civilian plane crash and two in the R.A.F.), thus earned the title "Godmother of the R.A.F."; in Douneside, Scotland (see FOREIGN NEWS).

Died. Don Ildefonso Cardinal Schuster, 74, for 25 years archbishop of Milan, Italy's largest diocese (3,000,000 Roman Catholics, including many practicing Communists); of a heart ailment; in Rome. Son of a Papal Swiss Guard, Cardinal Schuster entered a Benedictine monastery at eleven, in 1920 became (at 49) the youngest prelate in the College of Cardinals. An outspoken, early supporter of Mussolini's Fascism (he hailed the invasion of Ethiopia as a "triumph of the cross of Christ"), he was pro-Ally in World War II. In 1945 acted as intermediary in unsuccessful surrender negotiations between Mussolini and the partisans. After the war, he became a leading figure in Italy's battle against Communism and anticlericalism.

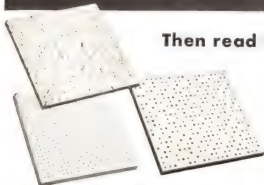
Died. Dr. Rivers Frederick, 80, who began practicing 56 years ago when there were only five other Negro doctors in New Orleans, became the revered chief surgeon of the Flint-Goodridge Hospital for Negroes, proudly claimed that the hospital's Negro and white doctors had a better racial understanding than any other group in the South; of a heart ailment; in Flint-Goodridge Hospital.

Died. Clement L. Shaver, 87, abstemious lawyer who successfully put over the nomination of fellow West Virginian John W. Davis for President at the famed 1923-ballot 1924 Democratic Convention, as national chairman managed Davis' unsuccessful campaign against Calvin Coolidge; after long illness; in Fairmont, W. Va.

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CINEMA



KEARNS, DOUGLAS & MACKENZIE ABOARD THE "MAGGIE"
When a huffer meets a puffer comin' thru the salt.

The New Pictures

High and Dry (J. Arthur Rank; United Artists). Laughter has always been known as healing, but in recent years the world's moviegoers have learned to call it—with an increasingly British accent—Ealing. In the last five years, Executive Producer Michael Balcon has created at Ealing Studios, a J. Arthur Rank affiliate just outside London, a comedy factory that puts out more and better humor than any place since Hollywood in the silent days. In such marvelously hand-wrought hilarities as *Tight Little Island*, *Kind Hearts and Coronets*, *The Lavender Hill Mob*, and *The Tifoid Thunderbolt*, the Ealing people have created, for the first time, an imitatively English screen style: "the little comedy." (Ealing's three Alec Guinness comedies alone have probably grossed about \$2,250,000 in U.S. theaters.)

Alexander Mackendrick's *High and Dry* is very possibly the funniest Ealing comedy to date, a picture as salty and Scottish as a whelk in the Firth of Forth. A sort of sister picture to his *Tight Little Island*, this one might be called a tragedy of plumbing.

Mr. Calvin B. Marshall (Paul Douglas), an American who is the London vice president of a big airline, buys an island off the Scottish coast, and renovates the castle as an anniversary surprise for his wife—they haven't been getting along, and he thinks that, well, maybe what they both need is a castle. The difficulty is, shipping is scarce in the Hebrides, and nobody can be found to cart the last £4,000 worth of plumbing to the island in time for the great day. Nobody, that is, but Captain MacTaggart (Alex Mackenzie) of the puffer *Maggie*.

Now a puffer is a boat that has to be seen to be adequately disbelieved. A tiny Scottish freighter that carries a small crew

(the *Maggie* has four) and barely enough freight to make ends meet, it looks like nothing so much as a seagoing haggis, and not a very clean one at that. When Douglas realizes that his precious plumbing has actually been shipped in such a boat, he rushes to the rescue with a full panoply of American Efficiency: chartered planes, long-distance calls, press conferences, do-it-yourself. He is met by Scots Canniness; the wandering eye, the mislaid wallet, the pensive loiter, the unprevented calamity.

E'jently and cannily, Producer Balcon takes the situation—and the spectator—for one lighthearted laugh after another, until, of course, the Scots crew gets the last laugh. Actor Douglas does astonishingly well to hold his own in such fast comic company. Alex Mackenzie, an actor who taught school in Clydebank until he was 61, is a grizzled old Scots beauty, and he can "throw a tub to a whale" (the Scottish phrase, aptly enough, for sharp practice) like few men since Sir Harry Lauder. Hubert Gregg makes a sopping good Milquetoast as Douglas' male secretary, who is happily stationed aboard the *Maggie* to see that the boss's orders are carried out. And the bonny little fiend of a cabin boy, Tommy Kearns, with his soup-bowl haircut and that grand commercial light in his eye, is every dirty inch the Huck Finn of the Hebrides.

Sabrina (Paramount). When Hollywood's abracadabblers find a new formula for turning celluloid into gold, they overwork it every time. For *Sabrina*, based on Samuel Taylor's Broadway hit, Paramount's magicians used the same elements that mixed so well in *Roman Holiday*: Actress Audrey Hepburn, Director Billy Wilder, a switch on the old Cinderella story. Gold, in a word, is guaranteed at the boxoffice, and this is never less than glittering entertainment, but somehow a



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certain measure of lead has found its way into the formula.

In the days when Long Island was a sort of multimillionaire's yacht moored to Manhattan, the chauffeur's daughter (Audrey Hepburn) had her eye on a scion (William Holden). But all she ever got in return was the dust of his foreign-made car as he roared off to live another scene from *The Great Gatsby*. Resigned to a life in the servants' quarters, she went sadly off to cooking school in Paris.

At school, however, Audrey met a baron who had come to study soufflé, but decided, after meeting her, "to stay on for the fish." Under the baron's guidance, she learned how to be a tasty dish as well as to make one; and when she came back to Long Island, her Parisian aroma soon had the right man running at the mouth.

Enter the villain: the rich boy's big brother (Humphrey Bogart) who wants



BOGART & HEPBURN

With a uke, a dink and Rudy Vallee.

junior to merge with a sugar king's daughter so that he, Bogart, can make her father jump through the wedding hoop in a business deal. Audrey, however, is flanking his maneuver. After a hasty inspection of her flank, Bogart determines to turn it, and on that line the rest of the plot is fought.

Actress Hepburn's appeal, it becomes clearer with every appearance, is largely to the imagination: the less acting she does the more people can imagine her doing, and wisely she does very little in *Sabrina*. That little she does skillfully. By contrast, Actor Holden seems almost too true to a banal type to be good. Bogart, however, being as much a symbol as the Hepburn is—and a cunning scene-stealer besides—holds his own with ease, and sometimes even sets little Audrey down, toreador pants and all, as a *Fugue* model who has risen above her station.

Bogart, in fact, has all the best scenes: the hearty after-dinner get-together in



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the smoking room, where stiff old industrialists bounce happily up and down on a sheet of some new plastic; the rusty attempts to rake Audrey (with a uke, a Yale "dink" and a Rudy Vallee record). Says Bachelor Bogart grimly, as he flounders into love: "It'll come back to me. It's like riding a bicycle."

Also Showing

Duel in the Jungle (Warners) need never have happened if somebody at Warners had spoken to his wife about it first. The story concerns a wealthy Englishman named Henderson (David Farrar) who is squandering his substance in an attempt to develop some offshore diamond fields. But as every bride knows, there is no point whatsoever in developing new diamond fields. Those at Kimberley, South Africa, more than supply the world with engagement rings.

Anyway, the Englishman takes out a \$2,000,000 insurance policy, and a few days later is drowned at sea. Or was he? The insurance company sends Dana Andrews to investigate. Dana's way is barred by large numbers of hostile fauna—cobras, stuffed leopards, baboons. Jeanne Crain, elephants, hippos—but he comes through grandly, with nothing more than a case of explorer's knee, to the climactic "Mr. Henderson, I presume."

In Henderson's opinion, he does indeed presume, and soon there is the usual thrashing about in the undergrowth, and rather more than the usual slithering of crocodiles toward dainty feminine morsels. And when Heroine Crain says for what must surely be the thousandth time in this kind of picture, "I can make a handage out of my petticoat," even the lion who is about to eat her looks fed up.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Vanishing Prairie. Walt Disney's cameramen catch some intimate glimpses (including the birth of a baby buffalo) of what animal life was like when the West was really wild (TIME, Aug. 23).

On the Waterfront. Elia Kazan's big-shouldered melodrama of dockside corruption; with Marlon Brando, Eva Marie Saint, Lee J. Cobb (TIME, Aug. 9).

Rear Window. Hot and cold flashes of kissing and killing, as Alfred Hitchcock lets Jimmy Stewart, Grace Kelly and the customer get the eavesdrop on a murderer (TIME, Aug. 2).

The Earrings of Madame De... A bubbling little masterpiece of ornate romance and French wit; with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, Vittorio De Sica (TIME, July 26).

Seven Bridges for Seven Brothers. Plutarch's story of *The Rape of the Sabine Women*, updated to make the best cinematic since *An American in Paris* (TIME, July 12).

Mr. Hulot's Holiday. A first-class comedy, partly in French, explaining how not to take a vacation (TIME, June 28).

Dial M for Murder. Ray Milland tries to murder Grace Kelly, but Director Alfred Hitchcock contrives his comeuppance (TIME, May 24).

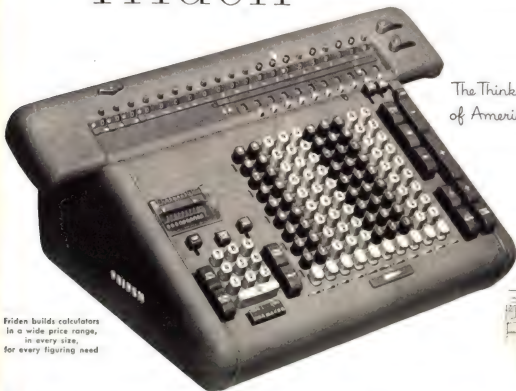


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Confucius to Pound

THE CLASSIC ANTHOLOGY DEFINED BY CONFUCIUS (224 pp.)—Translated by Ezra Pound—Harvard University (\$5).

Some five centuries before Christ, the Chinese put together a kind of 305-poem treasury of their own verse. Around 484 B.C., Confucius, an inveterate lute player, edited the musical scores for the poems, and told his son: "A man who hasn't worked on the [Odes] is like one who stands with his face to a wall." In this

volume, Poet Ezra Pound makes a free and brilliant translation, even to the use of jazz idioms and hillbilly dialect.

The poems are by turns idyllic, ironic and bitter. "Planners" *Raw Deal* and *Decade of T'ang*, which tell of a people's age-long suffering under tyranny, are particularly gripping against the background of present-day China. Although Pound, now 68, was charged with wartime sedition in 1945 and confined to Washington's St. Elizabeth's Hospital as "mentally incompetent," he proves once again that he is one of the finest U.S. poets alive.

MCCARTHY AND THE COMMUNISTS (163 pp.)—James Rorty & Moshe Decter—Beacon (paperbound, \$1).

Few writers approach the subject of Joseph R. McCarthy with detached calm. Usually the face flushes, the voice rises and the hand on the typewriter quivers. In this short, well-organized study prepared for the liberal, anti-Communist American Committee for Cultural Freedom, James Rorty and Moshe Decter have maintained an even voice and a steady hand.

Authors Rorty (journalist and self-

CHINESE POETRY SAMPLER

TOWN LIFE

Sun's in the East,
her loveliness
Comes here
To undress.

Twist door and screen
at moon rise
I hear
Her departing sighs.

ALITER

Rabbit goes soft-foot, pheasant's caught,
I began life with too much clan,
Troubles come to a bustling man.
"Down Oh, and give me a bed!"

Rabbit soft-foot, pheasant's in trap,
I began life with a flip and flap,
Then a thousand troubles fell on my head,
"If I could only sleep like the dead!"

Rabbit goes soft-foot, pheasant gets caught,
A youngster was always rushin' round,
Troubles crush me to the ground.
I wish I could sleep and not hear a sound.

HUANG NIAO

Yaller bird, let my corn alone,
Yaller bird, let my crawps alone,
These folks here won't let me eat,
I wanna go back whaar I can meet
the folks I used to know at home,
I got a home an' I wanna 'git goin'.

Yalla' bird, let my trees alone,
Let them berries stay whaar they're growin'.
These folks here ain't got no sense,
can't tell 'em nawthin' without offense,
Yalla' bird, lemme, le'mme go home,
I gotta home an' I wanna 'git goin'.

Yalla' bird, you stay outa dem oaks,
Yalla' bird, let them crawps alone,
I just can't live with these here folks,
I gotta home and I want to git goin'
To whaar my dad's folks still is a-growin' . . .

RENDEZ-VOUS MANQUE

Neath East Gate willows
'tis good to lie.
She said:
"this evening,"
Dawn's in the sky.

Neath thick willow boughs
'twas for last night,
Thick the close shade there,
The dawn is axe-bright.

"PLANNERS" RAW DEAL
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Heaven's worry, scurries to earth;
twisty planning, what's to block it?
At sight of good plan, they turn to rotten again,
the sight of their planning
gives me a pain.

First say yes, then say no;
good plan, no go,
but a rotten they dress in flummery,
the sight of their planning worries me . . .

Our active designers
don't like old ways—
irked by the solid symmetrical—
but let 'em hear the sound of a phrase,
they'll quarrel over it days and days
as builders who change for the last thing told 'em
never get a house to hold 'em.

State
all a wobble,
seamers and hands—
a few left to bubble—
bright buys and planners,
some who'll "take trouble"
all of a bubble
down into quick-sand.

DECADE OF T'ANG

The "people" are not in the least perverse
the high-ups rob, cheat 'em and do worse,
then tell you they haven't sufficient power,
polite while you're there, jip you next hour,
and then say calmly: It wasn't me.

I have therefore compiled
this balladry.

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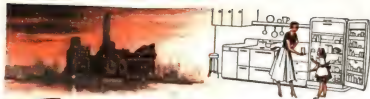
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labeled Taft Republican) and Decter (former political editor for the Voice of America and self-labeled Stevenson Democrat) begin with the sound premise that in the Roosevelt and early Truman Administrations, a number of Communists and fellow travelers slipped into the Federal Government. This fact, Rorty and Decter point out, gave McCarthy a solid runway for his take-off as a Communist fighter in 1950. They grant that the furor caused by McCarthy did help to bring needed attention to the problem of Communist infiltration. But at about that point, the credit side of their McCarthy ledger begins to go blank.

Distortion & Display. From the first Rorty and Decter point out, McCarthy "never presented any evidence of past or present membership in the Communist Party on the part of any of the persons named in his lists." When he did have a good case, he damaged it by distortion. "Thus McCarthy, instead of presenting Owen Lattimore as the skillful, effective and influential party-lining propagandist, he was characterized him as the 'top secret espionage agent' in America."

Rorty and Decter recognize the necessity of 1) a firm internal security system, and 2) congressional investigations of subversion. But they hold that Anti-Communist McCarthy has consistently used Communists' methods, e.g., the false charge of treason. In the process, they note he has attacked a wide range of loyal and respected Americans, has seriously disrupted the operations of the U.S. State Department and the Army Signal Corps, and has diverted attention from the real problems of fighting Communism abroad.

Containment & Elimination. In the process of skewering McCarthy, Authors Rorty and Decter reserve a few sharp thrusts for some of his critics—the breed described by Old Socialist Norman Thomas as the liberals "who may be reluctantly persuaded that Alger Hiss is guilty, but never can forgive Whittaker Chambers." Rorty and Decter completely reject the hysterical view that the U.S. is in the grip of McCarthy-inspired hysteria, or that the man from Wisconsin is the American Hitler.

Where will Joe McCarthy go from here? Authors Rorty and Decter have a calm and sensible answer: "The antiliberalism of the American social and political organism—aided by the new communications technology which proved its value so impressively during the televised Army-McCarthy hearings—are already powerfully at work. They may be trusted to contain and eventually to eliminate the demagogue from Wisconsin."

How to Be Fulfilled

THE WILDER SHORES OF LOVE (332 pp.)
—Lesley Blanch—Simon & Schuster (\$5).

As a word "fulfillment" has had quite a rise in recent years. It appears in publishing ("circulation fulfillment"), socialism ("plan fulfillment"), psychoanalysis ("wish fulfillment"), but most of all as

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applied to modern woman, who always wants to be fulfilled. The latest application is made by British Author-Journalist Lesley Blanch, who wonders out loud how modern woman can be fulfilled: "as a woman, [without] seeking escape from her own nature."

Author Blanch is no pale sociologist; a onetime staffer on the British *Poet*, she has an interest in career-woman feminism and an addiction to headlong prose. The value of *The Wilder Shores of Love* is not in its arguments and conclusions, but in the case histories it presents of four 19th century women who turned their backs on the progressive West and found salvation in the unemancipated East. All four of them, says Author Blanch, "seemed to sense in . . . passivity far larger opportunities of self-expression." The four

Jane Digby, Lady Ellenborough (1807-81) was a superb horsewoman and "the greatest beauty of her day." Jane thought that she could find salvation in "romantic relationships." Divorced by her husband for adultery with an Austrian prince, Jane moved to Paris, bore her princely lover two children, took up briefly with Novelist Balzac ("I have since noted," said he dryly, "that most women who sit a horse well are lacking in tenderness"). From Paris, Jane rode on to Bavaria, became the mistress of King Ludwig I, married a Bavarian baron and bore two more children. Swept off her feet by a Greek count, Jane was baptized into the Orthodox faith, married again, arrived in Athens where she had another baby, broke with her husband and became the mistress of Greece's King Otto (son of her former lover, King Ludwig). After swapping Otto for an Albanian general, Jane proceeded to Syria, where a "very possessive" young Arab "swept her . . . into the black Bedouin tents of his encampment." Jane was 47, still beautiful, and bursting with "girlish excitement and rapture" when she settled down for keeps with a sheik. She lived contentedly in the desert for 27 years, "milking the camels, serving her husband . . . washing his feet" and relishing the joys of passive living.

Aimée Dubucq de Rivery (1763-1817), cousin of Napoleon's Empress Josephine, had passivity thrust upon her. Abducted by Corsairs while en route home to Martinique from a convent in Nantes, Aimée was given as a present to Turkish Sultan Abd ul Hamid I, who popped her into his harem. At first, convent-bred Aimée violently resisted a fate worse than death, but at last came to agree with the Arab maxim: "Woman succeeds where man fails, for woman knows when to yield. Aimée became the Sultan's favorite, and lived to a ripe age plotting bloodthirstily against the Sultan's enemies. Thanks to Aimée, her son, Mahmoud II ("The Reformer"), broke the power of the Janissaries and (says a Turkish poet) "opened the gate of the Orient to a new light." "We see [through Aimée]," concludes Author Blanch, "that even in the seraglio, as a slave, she had considerably more freedom to be essentially a woman than many



LADY ELLENBOROUGH
Women know when to yield.

women now enmeshed in the complex mechanism of our economic civilization."

Isabelle Eberhardt, who died in 1904 aged only 27, was born in Geneva, the illegitimate daughter of an illegitimate mother. Of Russo-Jewish stock, Isabelle had manly ambitions from childhood. Shortly after the family had settled in North Africa, her mother died. From that time, Isabelle's life was in the desert. She was accepted by the Arabs as a man, earned a reputation as a war correspondent, and became so knowledgeable that the great Marshal Lyautey (who was reputed to be her lover) said: "No one knows Africa as she does. Another eyewitness says of her "She was an alcoholic [but] deeply religious. . . . She was

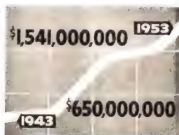


AUTHOR BLANCH
Males may prefer the Apocalypse.



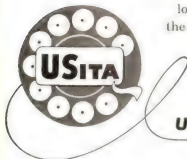
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That's the question I asked the night Marge and I had the showdown.

Maybe it was watching the Jennings, our neighbors, leave on a trip the day before—all packed up, happy as larks, without a care in the world.

"This is it," Bill Jennings said. "This is the day Nell and I started planning for when we were just about your age. And now it's paying off—no more money worries for us!"

Marge was with me—heard it all. She was quiet until the next evening. Then she let me have it.

I was sitting there dreaming. Sure, we lived all right, kept up with the parade—just barely. But never a thought for the years ahead. And here it was again—the monthly wrangle about bills.

Suddenly, Marge woke me up. "Dick," she said, "you're giving me five dollars a week from now on—and I mean it!"

"Five dollars a week," I almost shrieked, "what can that do?"

Marge didn't blink. She said calmly,

"It can start us where we're going, if, and I mean if, we're going together down the road to freedom from money worry."

Well, I didn't believe it. But it did make more sense when Marge explained that this was just the start. That as my income increased—our investment in future happiness and comfort would increase. And one day, we would do exactly as the Jennings had done.

Smart Marge! She'd figured it all out with Nell Jennings. Even gave me the name of a Bankers Life man to call. So I did. Took my \$5 a week idea to him, and between us we worked out a Double Duty Dollar Plan that was perfect.

Today, like the Jennings, we take off on our trip . . . without a money care in the world. The monthly check from Bankers Life will be coming in while we're away. So, if you ask me if \$5 a week can start you on the road to freedom from money worry—I'd say, "Take a look—and listen to my lovely wife, Marge."

passionate, sensual, but not in a woman's way. And she was completely flat-chested . . . When she saw a man she wanted, she took him. She'd beckon him over, and off they'd go . . . And whatever she did, she remained well-bred. . . . Russian to the core, Isabelle was prone to cries and lamentations which she often expressed in admirable prose. She explained: "Why do I prefer nomads to villagers, beggars to rich people? *Aie yie yie!* for me, unhappiness is a sort of spice . . . I love the knout!" To Author Blanch, Isabelle Eberhardt represents the "blessed annihilation of self," the woman "free of all the little deadly fetters of everyday life."

Lady Isabel Burton (1831-66) was not only one of the most formidable women who ever lived, but wife to one of the most formidable men. When she was still a girl, she resolved to marry Explorer Richard (*The Thousand Nights and a Night*) Burton, dedicated her youth to preparing for the day when she would be united with her "desert lion." Burton was tough, resourceful, sharply witty. (Asked by a doctor "how he had felt when he had killed a man," Burton answered: "Quite jolly, doctor. How do you?") It was years before he surrendered to Isabel's determination, which he compared to "the noble firmness of mules." Burton's view of married bliss was to ride roughshod over Isabel; she relished every hoofmark. Bointed out of his job as consul in Damascus (the Foreign Office considered him slightly mad), Burton strode off into the desert, leaving Isabel one of the curtest orders ever issued by any husband to his wife: "Am superseded. Pay, pack, and follow." Isabel followed so relentlessly that in the end she wore her hubby out. "His masterful powers," said Novelist Ouida, "were tied up like great dogs in their kennels." When Burton died, Isabel burned "almost all of his journals, diaries and notes," along with *The Scented Garden Men's Heart to Gladden*, a hair-raising encyclopedia of Oriental sexual practices. She reckoned thus "to save his soul in Heaven, his reputation . . . on earth," but Author Blanch suspects that Isabel was just plain jealous of her husband's *Garden*. Nonetheless, Isabel Burton, says Author Blanch, "is the supreme example of a woman who lived and had her being entirely through love."

The male reader of *The Wilder Shores* may well be fascinated by the adventures of these four extraordinary women, but he will find it hard to swallow the idea that they were in search of feminine "passivity." By comparison, the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse seem like little old softies.

Adventure: Fictional & True

Blaze of the Sun, by Jean Hougroun (Farrar, Straus & Young; \$3.75). If all the Frenchmen in Indo-China behaved more or less like the ones in this novel, no wonder they lost the war. Amid all the offensives and ambushes, Novelist Hougroun's characters worry chiefly about who goes to bed with whom—or more particularly, with My-Diem, a shapely Annamite

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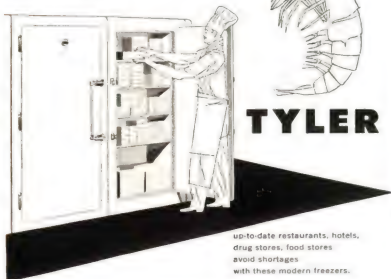


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TIME, SEPTEMBER 13, 1954

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who used to be a Communist agent, married a French colonial official and, before the book is over, earns herself one of the hottest spots in the Buddhist hell by committing adultery with yet another Frenchman. Along the way, she also has a brief, involuntary fling with a brutish Communist guerrilla commandant.

Devices and Desires, by E. Arnot Robertson (Macmillan; \$3.50). Another war story, with a younger but almost as arresting heroine: 13-year-old Hebe, who after five years of wartime wandering with her refugee Dutch father, has become a kind of junior femme fatale. She loves no one, trusts no one, speaks half a dozen languages picked up along the way, lies almost as easily as she smiles, and has only one purpose: to get out of Greece and back to England and the safe, respectable provincial house where her mother's people lived. When Hebe finally leaves Greece, British authoress Robertson seems to lose interest in the story. But until then, with an eye as piercing as Greek winter sunlight, she watches the cruel, stunted life of that bitter land during the civil war, when a whole village could be butchered for a few gold coins, or shrewdly examines a pair of lady relief workers ("It's easy to tell that your friend is an Englishwoman," says one refugee. "She talks to all these people as if they were animals. The sort one is kind to.").

People of the Blue Water, by Flora Gregg Iliff (Harper; \$3.75). is the unusual story of how Author Iliff half a century ago taught school to an inaccessible Indian tribe called Havasupai. The Havasupai numbered only 250 and lived in Arizona at the bottom of an eight-mile canyon wall, 70 miles from the nearest town, which was a hot, dusty hamlet that "looked as if it had been blown in on a dry wind and stranded." Author Iliff served as teacher, doctor, judge, superintendent, and, incidentally, weather reporter to the U.S. Government. Her story is full of fascinating detail (e.g., at puberty, Havasupai girls were placed on a bed of heated stones and instructed all night in the facts of life for a wife and homemaker). A quiet, good-humored book about a vanishing life.

A Woman in the Polar Night, by Christiane Ritter (Dutton; \$4), is the story of another intrepid woman and her adventures in a colder climate than Arizona. Frau Ritter lived for a year on the north coast of Spitsbergen in a hut ten feet square, with her husband and a young Norwegian hunter, in temperatures that sank to 40° below zero. To the north lay Anxiety Bay, to the south Distress Hook, to the east Misery Bay and to the west the Bay of Grief. Not a tree or shrub rose from the sea of stones that covered the desolate land, and the nearest settlement was 150 miles away. Frau Ritter lived on seal and bear meat, survived raging blizzards, solitude, and the long winter night. In the end, she discovered the typical Arctic philosophy—a little like the sensation just before freezing—that nothing really matters very much. An unpretentious but arresting book about life south of nowhere.



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2 "Your gondolier knows the ropes; Luigi had said as he showed me the long pillow-headed lance I would use. An hour later, we were in mid-canal, the gondolier poling me towards my adversary.

3 "Luigi's lance came fast and before I could duck I took it on the chin. Next thing I knew I was treading water in the deepest channel of the Canal Grande. Luigi's infuriating grin egged me on. I vowed I'd have my revenge; but after two more duckings I knew I was outmatched.

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